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FORBIDDEN.

BY J. C.

Oh, weary feet that on Life's stony ways
Must tread in separate paths; while Time's dark wings
Beat out the lagging hours of all the days,
Marking the epochs of their wandering!
Oh, lonely road! O tired, pacing feet
That may not meet!

Oh, longing hands that may not, must not, clasp
Those other loved ones in this world's wide sight;
Oh, parted hands that may not, must not, grasp
Those other hands with yearnings infinite!
Oh, starving lips who hunger in but this—
They may not kiss.

Oh, aching eyes that shine so far apart,
Love-haunted eyes that may not, must not, tell
The secret of his passion-laden heart,
The whispered secret that they know so well!
Oh, hopeless love, that hope of death survives
In such cleft lives!

Oh, souls that never while the world rolls on
Shall mingle in speechless ecstasy!
Oh, love that lives on hours long dead and gone—
Bound love that strives so vainly to be free!
Oh, joy of life that cometh all too late!
Oh, cruel fate!

Thorns and Blossoms

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BLACK VEIL," "HER MOTHER'S CRIME," "A BROKEN WEDDING-RING," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—[CONTINUED.]

THERE is not much more to tell you. My mother always looks like a picture just out of a frame. She has three weaknesses—rich black velvet, the point-lace, and rare diamonds."

"Tell me," said Violet thoughtfully; "what would your mother say to or think of a woman like Mrs. Carstone?"

Lord Ryvers laughed.

"They could not live in the same hemisphere," he answered. "She would be an impossible woman to my mother."

"Would Lady Ryvers patronise her?" asked Violet.

"No, I think not. She would not tolerate her. My mother is the very ideal of well-bred dainty refinement."

"I should like Mrs. Carstone best," said contradictory Violet.

"I care little whom you like, if you will only love me."

"And your mother, being what she is," said Violet, "no doubt wished you to marry some one like herself."

The simple-hearted young man fell into the neat little trap laid for him.

"My mother wished me to marry Gwendoline Marr," he said.

"That will make it doubly unpleasant for me," said Violet, "if ever I should know her. Now I have a fair idea of your mother tell me about your sisters."

"That will be easier," he said. "They are not at all complex characters. My eldest sister, Lady Lester, is one of those calm serene women the contemplation of whom gives repose. She holds a very high position in English society. Now, Violet do not draw those pretty brows. Her husband the Earl of Lester, has a beautiful place at Darynham, and they are, I suppose, very happy. Lady Lester has great influence over my mother. She is like her in feature; they are both handsome women. Lady Lester is very much admired, and is very popular. She always seems far above the world, above all common ways. Her eyes are grand, calm, and serene; her voice is low, and very sweet."

"Shall I be the proper kind of sister-in-law for one of so exalted a nature?" she asked.

He detected the irony in her voice, and colored faintly. He knew that he had done wrong in speaking of his sister in flattering terms.

"Is she proud, this Lady Lester?" asked Violet suddenly.

"No; she is too serene to be either proud or vain," said Lord Ryvers. "Monica is my youngest sister. I do not know her so well; her character is hardly formed. My mother finds fault with her because she is neither an Alton nor a Ryvers—that is she does not resemble either side of the family. Another thing my mother complains of in her is want of what she calls proper pride."

"I shall like her," said Violet. "I like your last sketch best of all. If it would be possible for me to make a friend in your family, I should say it would be with your sister Monica."

"She is bright and pretty with the prettiness of youth. She is nothing like Lady Lester or my mother."

"You have no brother?" said Violet.

"I wish I had an elder brother," he replied; "then I should be without any of those prefixes you dislike so much. You would not object so utterly to me if I were a poor younger son—would you, Violet?"

"I cannot tell," she answered; "it seems to me that would be bad enough."

Lord Ryvers looked at her.

"Now that you know more of those belonging to me, now that you stand more face to face with my life, Violet, will you say that you forgive me? I cannot say more than this, that from my very heart I am sorry, and that, if I know what to say to appease you, I would say it, if I knew what to do, I would do it."

But Violet was looking from him over the sunlit waters, and the words of pardon were yet unspoken.

* * * * * *

"I cannot give you an answer at once," said Violet to her husband; "but I will think the matter over. One thing I will promise—I will not go away without telling you my decision."

And to Lord Ryvers that seemed something gained.

"Violet," he said, "I want you to listen to me just two minutes longer, I have that to say to you which will prove my sincerity. You do not like the kind of life lies before you?"

"No; candidly speaking, I do not," she replied.

"You will not like to be called Lady Ryvers, nor to be mistress of Ryverswell, nor to be the wife of a rich man—you care for none of these things, do you?"

"No," she replied; "I do not."

"Then, Violet, to win your forgiveness and to make you happy," he said, "I will give up everything in the world for you. I will let lands, title, and money lie in abeyance. I will paint, and we will live on the money that painting brings. I will give up everything for you, and never remember that I am anything but an artist. The money and the lands, title, and everything else may go—go to the next of kin, a little fellow now at Eton; all that I want is you."

The romantic generosity of those words touched her.

She looked at him with the first sign of softening that he had seen in her beautiful eyes.

"Do you mean that?" she asked. "Will you really give up everything for me?"

"I will," he said. "Oh, Violet, have you to learn now that you are the dearest thing in life to me?"

"You will give up everything—you will remain abroad, give up all, and work hard at your pictures?" she asked.

"I will do it unhesitatingly for you," he replied. "I would not make the sacrifice for any one else; but I will for you. I must say myself that I love my name, that I am proud of my race, that I have always been proud of my beautiful place Ryverswell; but nothing that I have or hold is to be compared with my love for you."

"And for me you are content to give up all that your soul holds most dear?"

"To keep you most certainly," he answered. "I love you above and before everything in this wide world. Of what use would it be to me if I were king of the whole universe and had not you?"

"You have a great love for me," she said thoughtfully.

"You ought to know it by this time," he replied earnestly. "I can give you no greater proof of my love than this—that I am willing to die to everything else but you."

"It would be a noble sacrifice," she said musingly. "It would prove a noble love. What if I take you at your word, Randolph?"

"I wish you to do so. My offer was not mere pretence, a few words uttered for the sake of eloquence or pleading; I mean honestly what I said. I will give up all I have in the world if you will forgive me and remain with me."

She felt that she could not be outdone in generosity, and this was generous beyond all words.

She knew that he meant it.

She began to realise what a grand love this was.

If it had stooped to artifice once, it rose to grandeur now.

He was perfectly sincere; but she could not exact such a promise from him she could not permit such a sacrifice.

He had touched her at last. He saw that her face had softened, her eyes had brightened.

"No," she said slowly; "you shall not make so great a sacrifice for me. That you are ready to do it is enough; I want no more. You are willing to make a sacrifice for me; I will make one for you."

"My darling!" he cried, enraptured at the very idea.

"Do not be too sanguine," she said. "I am not at all sure that the arrangement will succeed. Indeed, if I know myself, it will not. I begin to see my way more clearly. You are willing to give up everything in the world for me; I will give up—not my prejudices, I could not part with them, but I will give my indulgence in them, for your sake. I will try to share your life. But," she added naively, "I am quite sure I shall not like it."

"Will you give it a trial?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, I will," she answered him.

"A fair honest trial, Violet, in which you will endure patiently all that you dislike most?"

"I will," she repeated.

"I thank you, Lady Ryvers," he said, "from this moment you shall be known by your right name. After all it will be a relief; I hate concealment. I shall write to my mother this very day, and tell her that we shall be at Ryverswell—when shall we say?"

"When you like," she replied, with a little shrinking, which, in his eager delight, he did not notice.

"Shall you mind if we set out to-morrow?" he asked, "I shall not like staying here after this; it would be very uncomfortable meeting the people who are stopping here."

"I am ready to go at any moment you may wish," she replied—"to-day, to-morrow, when you will."

She felt conscious that, having an ordeal to face, the sooner she faced it the better.

"Then we will start for England to-morrow. We must delay a day or two in Paris to buy a few things for my mother and sisters."

"Randolph," she said gravely, "I have told you all that has been said about us. No one can prevent the comments of people; but they can easily be corrected."

He interrupted her hastily.

"You are thinking of the Carstones," he said. "I will make that right. We shall see them on the terrace this evening. Now, Violet, tell me how I am to thank you?"

"You have nothing to thank me for yet," she said. "I have only promised to try."

"That means so much, coming from you," he whispered lovingly. "Oh, Violet, I am so glad that you know the truth at last! My deception has lain long and heavily on my mind."

"Do not be too sanguine," she said. "I shall do my best; but I am afraid that the new life will not suit me, nor the people I shall meet. I am proud and sensitive; they will be proud and exclusive."

"I would love any one for your sake," he remarked. "You must try to love my people because they are mine. Will you, darling?"

"I will try," she replied.

"And you quite forgive me?"

"Yes," she answered; "I forgive you, because you are so nobly generous; I cannot help it. But—well, I will say no more than this—I wish it had been otherwise."

He felt chilled, after all his lavish love and passionate earnestness. Those seemed cool words.

Her manner, too, was cold—not what he had hoped it would be after his full explanation.

He said to himself, with a deep sigh, that he would give her time.

Of course the disclosure had been a shock to her.

She would get over that and all would be well.

He had not been prepared to find her so cold, so proud or obstinate; he had always thought her so gentle on every point except one.

They talked for a long time.

He told her all about Ryverswell, about its beautiful rooms, its grades and magnificent grounds.

"You, who love beautiful scenery, must enjoy it," he said; "you cannot fail to be pleased with it."

But there was no answering enthusiasm on her face.

Then he thought that perhaps the wisest thing would be to say nothing about his home or himself in any way; so he talked about other things.

Yet it was evident, from the observations she made, that her thoughts still dwelt on the discovery.

The same evening Lord Ryvers saw the Carstone family on the terrace, and knew that the time had arrived when he must disclose who he was.

"Violet," he said, "come with me. We will face the foe together."

"What foe?" she asked.

"The Carstones. Come with me, and let me introduce you by your proper name and title."

The beautiful face flushed proudly; but she controlled the impulse that prompted her to speak in hot resentment, and went with him.

Did ever man look more gallant and brave, more handsome and proud, more erect of mien, more dignified in bearing than this young lord, as he walked with his wife down the terrace?

There was embarrassment and confusion on the faces of the Carstones as he came up to the little group.

Never did "blood" and "race" show more than in that little scene.

Lord Ryvers bowed as he took his wife's hand in his own.

"I have brought an old friend," he said, "to introduce by a new name—my wife;" and he laid great stress on the word. "My wife tells me that you have discovered a secret that I very much wished to keep for

a short time longer. That being the case, allow me to reintroduce myself and Lady Ryvers."

Mrs. Carstone's face beamed with good nature and awe.

It was all really true then, and this beautiful simple girl was Lady Ryvers.

Richard Carstone looked bewildered; he knew neither what to say nor what to think.

The case was quite out of his experience. He did not know whether he ought to congratulate, praise, or blame; therefore, like a wise man, he remained perfectly silent; while Oscar frowned.

"You have been so very kind to Lady Ryvers," continued the young lord, addressing himself pointedly this time to Mrs Carstone, "that I feel a few words of explanation are due to you. As to any insolent conjectures about my marriage, they are beneath my contempt, and I treat them so by passing them by. The dear and honored lady who gave me her love is my wife as much as the laws of God and man could make her so. The explanation of my secret is very simple. I am sorry to say that Lady Ryvers had a strong prejudice against my class. It was not her fault, but the fault of a false training; and the prejudice was so strong, Mrs. Carstone, that, if she had known I moved in a high circle, she would not have married me. So I wooed her as a poor artist, and—Heaven bless her!—she loved me for myself, and married me. Do you not think I was a very fortunate man? We should have have had a few more months in this charming solitude but for the ball and the visit of my friend Forest-Hay."

"I think you are a most fortunate man, my lord," said the kindly lady; but neither of the gentlemen spoke.

"Now that the discovery is made," continued Lord Ryvers, "I shall lose no time in taking my wife to England. I kept my marriage a secret a short time in deference to her prejudices; but, now that the secret is no longer my own, I shall take her to my mother at once."

"Quite right, my lord," said Mrs. Carstone.

She owned afterwards that he looked so brave, so handsome, so loving, that she longed to clasp her arms round his neck and kiss him.

"I wish you much happiness my lord," said Richard Carstone, quite unconscious that his words sounded satirically.

He did not know what else to say.

"Thank you," said Lord Ryvers, holding out his hand.

The frown on Oscar's face deepened.

Others might believe what they liked; he would believe what he chose.

"We leave to-morrow," said Lord Ryvers. "Perhaps Lady Ryvers will like to spend an hour or two with you this evening."

He said that to show his utter fearlessness as to any remarks they might make. Mrs. Carstone eagerly caught Violet's hand.

"It will be a great pleasure to me," she said earnestly.

And Lord Ryvers went away leaving them together.

On the morrow they started for home, staying two days in Paris, where, in his wife's name, Lord Ryvers bought presents innumerable for his mother and sisters; and then they started for Ryverswell.

It was the beginning of a new life, in which Violet, Lady Ryvers, mistress of many a broad acre and much wealth, was to find out how long, sharp, and painful were the thorns hidden by the orange-blossoms.

CHAPTER XX.

RYVERSWELL was the delight of artists.

It was one of the most ancient of the many ancient houses to be found in England.

It stood in the prettiest part of Kent, where from the summit of the well-wooded hills one caught a glimpse of the sea.

It was an abbey once upon a time, said to have been founded in the earlier days of the Anglo-Saxons.

There was little trace of the old abbey to be found now, and the gray friars who owned it had been hundreds of years at rest.

But every now and then, in the grounds one came across a ruined arch, the trace of a wall covered with thick ivy, the remains of an ancient crypt, the delicate tracery of a cloister, the outline of a grand old church.

There was one especially beautiful ruin that each inhabitant of Ryverswell had done his best to preserve; that was the broken arch of what had once been the great eastern window.

It was shadowed now by many trees.

Stately oaks stood near, and fragrant limes touched it with their drooping-boughs.

It was so thickly covered with ivy that the old gray stone could not be seen.

The Ryverses were a grand courageous race; but as time passed on the spirit of the times change, and they changed with it.

Then the family grew less, their power and influence decreased; they were less known, less famous, until in this the nineteenth century they were no longer conspicuous for anything except the antiquity of their race.

Yet it was something to be a Ryvers.

When the late Lord Ryvers went wooing the stately heiress of the Altons, some said that with her beauty and her money she might do better.

But she said "No;" there were men in England of higher position and greater wealth, but none of more ancient or noble lineage, and that was what she valued most.

Ryverswell had been named partly from the river that ran through it to the sea, and partly from an old well called St. Michael's Well, which at one time had been almost a shrine in its way.

It was the most curious of all old wells, lying deep and dark in a huge cave, fed by a subterranean current of water that was always fresh and always clear.

The Castle was worthy of the pretty grounds.

It had been used for almost every purpose.

It had been fortified in time of war; it had been the dower-house of a queen; it had once been the refuge of a discrowned king; now it was the peaceful home of a peaceful race, and a very beautiful home too.

No element of the quaint or picturesque was wanting.

The battlemented towers and tall turrets, the rich carvings, the great oriel windows, the grand sweep of the arches, the beauty of the terraces, all made up a picture that, once seen, was never forgotten.

The interior was equally beautiful.

The rooms were light, large, and lofty, superbly furnished with treasures of art collected by many generations.

Ryverswell was one of those grand and luxurious homes not to be found out of England, and thoroughly appreciated by its owners.

One morning at the end of October the family were gathered together in the Castle.

It was chilly, and Lady Ryvers had ordered fires in all the rooms.

The great drawing-room, which had once been the state-room of a queen, presented a picture of comfort and splendor not often seen.

It had been Lady Ryvers's pleasure that this spacious and magnificent apartment should be furnished in white and gold.

There was no other color.

Nothing marred that magnificent harmony.

The ceiling was superbly painted.

The walls were panelled in white and gold.

The pictures were the finest works of modern art; while statues stood on golden pedestals.

The carpet was of white velvet pile, the furniture was covered in white velvet, and the hangings were of rich white velvet, embroidered with gold.

The works of art were treasures brought from every land.

Perhaps the most remarkable, certainly the most beautiful feature was the quantity of choice and fragrant hot-house flowers standing in the *jardinieres*.

The dowager Lady Ryvers was accustomed to say that the love and culture of flowers was a sure sign of a refined mind.

It was characteristic of her that, wherever she went and wherever she lived, she was surrounded by flowers.

There was no smile on her ladyship's face this morning.

The October sun shone on the white terraces, the light flashed on the river; there was a pleasant musical sound from a small fountain.

The rich odor of white hyacinths filled the room, and the cheerful light of the fire added a rich glow of warmth.

Yet not one of these comforts, luxuries, or beauties brought a smile to her ladyship's face.

Her heart was troubled within her.

Yesterday her fair haughty face had hardly a line upon it; to-day there were several.

The greatest sorrow of her life had befallen her, and she knew not how to meet it.

Yesterday she was the proudest mother in England, to-day the haughty head was bent low.

Yesterday she spoke of her son with pride, to-day she would not whisper his name even to herself.

Yesterday she had looked with serene eyes on the pictured faces that graced the old walls, the faces of the Ladies Ryvers long since dead; to-day the pictured eyes seemed to mock her.

Yesterday she could have declared that in her whole life she had known no cloud; to-day it seemed to her as though the darkness of her grief and the shadow of shame would never pass away.

Only this morning she had received a letter from the son she idolized, the son on whom all her hopes had been fixed, telling her that he was married, that he had been married a whole year, and that he was bringing his wife home to Ryverswell, where he begged his mother and sisters to meet them.

He added that his wife Violet was the daughter of a doctor, a simple beautiful girl, without fortune, but with the grace and loveliness of a queen.

Lady Ryvers was in London with her daughter Monica when she received the letter.

She read it, and sat for some time in a stupor of pain and wonder.

The marriage of her daughters had been a matter of great moment to her; the marriage of her son was of far greater importance.

It was the pivot on which all her life was to turn.

She could not believe or realize what she read.

Randolph had always been the most obedient and devoted of sons to her.

They had agreed on every subject except one—that was his devotion to art.

The choice and the purchase of pictures were right enough; but, according to her ladyship's creed, the painting of them was quite another thing.

She would far rather that her son had employed his time in anything but fashion; still she was patient, because it was the only fault she had to find with him.

And now he had taken the most important step in life without consulting her; he had married without even asking her approval of his choice, and she felt justly aggrieved. When she had read the letter through again she rang the bell.

"Tell Miss Ryvers that I wish to see her," she said to the servant who answered it.

A few minutes afterwards Monica Ryvers entered the room where her mother awaited her.

"Monica," said Lady Ryvers, "read that. It has broken my heart."

Monica took the letter from her mother's hand.

She read it carefully, and then looked with wondering eyes into her mother's face.

"Randolph married, mamma! What a strange thing that he never wrote to tell you of his intention! And he has married a stranger!"

"It has broken my heart," repeated Lady Ryvers. "To think that he should have chosen the daughter of a country doctor, and he might have married Gwendoline Marr! I shall never face the world again, Monica."

If she had heard that her only son committed a forgery or a murder, Lady Ryvers could not have been more affected.

"A penniless, nameless stranger," she said—"and he my only son! He has spoiled his life; he has indeed, Monica."

"Mamma," said the girl, "I have never seen tears in your eyes before; that distresses me more than Randolph's marriage."

"He was so gifted. He had a larger fortune and brighter prospects than any young man I know; handsome, gifted, heir to a grand old name and a grand old estate, yet he has spoiled his life by marrying a doctor's daughter. My dear Monica, words fail me."

"Dear mamma, she may not be so hopelessly bad if she is very beautiful."

"Hush!" said Lady Ryvers, with an imperious gesture. "I must bear my troubles as the Ryverses of old bore their reverses on the battle-field. The world is my battle-field. This is my first great defeat; I must bear it. But do not offer me any weak words of consolation; for a sorrow like mine there are none. My only son, my only son!"

"You should have received this letter two days since, mamma," said Monica. "It has been sent here from Mount Avon. To-day is All Hallows' Eve."

"Then we must go by the first train this morning. Send a telegram to Draynham, asking Marguerite to meet us. Do not tell her what is wrong; it might distress her."

Monica smiled at the thought.

She had never seen that serenely calm sister of hers distressed in her life.

So it was arranged that Lady Ryvers and her daughter should travel to Ryverswell that same day.

"We shall be in plenty of time to meet them," said Lady Ryvers, with the calm of despair. "If they are coming from Paris as I understood from Randolph's letter, they cannot reach Ryverswell to-night. I am not a woman given to emotion," she added; "but I cannot realize that I am going to see my son's wife."

CHAPTER XXI.

IN the drawing-room at Ryverswell Lady Ryvers sat, awaiting what in her heart she called her doom.

Monica had done her best; but, finding that all attempts at consolation only made her mother more irritable, she left her alone.

Lady Lester was expected, and the youngest daughter trusted much to the influence of the elder one, to her calm wisdom, her serene manner of dealing with all difficulties.

Hard thoughts must have been in Lady Ryvers's heart, for they were written on her face when her two daughters entered the room.

The Countess of Lester had just reached Ryverswell, and was anxious to know what was the matter.

She went up to her mother and embraced her.

"I am afraid you are in trouble, mamma," she said calmly, so calmly that her words contrasted curiously enough with her face and manner. "You must be, or you would not have telegraphed for me. Arthur wanted very much to come with me; but it was impossible. I had to travel with Fisher. What is wrong, mamma? You are not ill yourself, I am glad to see."

"Did you think I was?" asked Lady Ryvers.

At times like these, when she felt irritable, the calm serenity of her fearless daughter tried her just a little.

There was enough resemblance between Lady Ryvers and the Countess of Lester to show they were mother and daughter.

They had the same dark imperial beauty the same grand carriage, the same delicate brows and exquisite profile; but the character of Lady Ryvers's beauty was pride, that of Lady Lester's serenity.

Lady Ryvers was a wonderfully preserved woman who looked ten years younger than she really was.

On this morning Lady Lester looked especially well.

She wore a graceful dress of Indian silk and neat Parisian bonnet that rendered her if possible more charming.

She had been summoned to meet her mother; but she stood there, calm, unruffled, no wonder in her lovely dark eyes, few questions on her lips, ready to hear anything, and not to be surprised.

If she lived to be seventy, there would be no wear and tear of emotion on her smooth face, no wear or tear of passion; the calm unmoved loveliness would be the same when she lay in her coffin.

She had come to listen to her mother's troubles; but she was careful how the folds of her dress fell, as though she were posing for a statue.

It was wonderful to see the face of Monica who stood watching her with something between a sigh and a smile.

"Shall I ring? Will you go to your room first, Marguerite, or will you wait?"

"I will wait, mamma. I am anxious to know why you sent for me."

"To tell you, my dear, the worst news you ever heard in your life," cried Lady Ryvers—"the very worst!"

Not an eye-lash on the beautiful face quivered, the dainty delicate bloom underwent no change.

"Bad news dear mamma? Is it anything about Arthur?"

"No; what could I know about Arthur? You have just left him strong and well. I suppose. It is much worse, much more important. Briefly, Marguerite, it is this. Your brother Randolph, my only son—Heaven help me!—has married without my knowledge; I will not speak of my consent."

"Randolph married," cried Lady Lester—and for once the delicate brows were arched—"married without informing you mamma! That is very wrong."

"I knew you would feel it, Marguerite, although you are not given to displays of emotion; I know you must feel it. Monica persists in attempting to comfort me; you will not try. You know such a blow as this has—has shattered me!"

Then Monica came forward.

If she loved any one on earth, it was her brother Randolph, with his beautiful face and poet's soul.

She formed a complete contrast to her stately mother and sister.

Monica Ryvers was not tall; she had a slight girlish figure, about which there was nothing remarkable except its supple grace.

She walked well, danced well, moved well.

She had not the statuesque elegance that distinguished Marguerite, Countess of Lester.

She would have flown through six rooms while the stately beauty crossed one. Her charm lay in her quick, light, active movements.

She was the very child of impulse.

She was not beautiful, in the common acceptation of the word, although she had Irish eyes and hair that was black and waving.

Hers was a face that, without being notionably lovely, yet flashed intelligence, was full of sparkle and of fire, full of wit and humor, and capable of any amount of pathos.

With smiles and tears always close together, she was a girl whom it was impossible for her lady mother to understand.

"Why do you laugh?" she would ask her at times; and again, "Why do you cry?" she would say, when the girl's face flushed with passion or paled with emotion.

Lady Ryvers would have found it easier to have read a Greek volume or translated Hebrew than to have understood her charming, impulsive, gifted child.

She came forward slowly now; that constant reference to her attempt at consolation troubled her.

"Mamma dear, if I knew what better to say, I would say it," she said.

"It is better to be silent than to give utterance to foolish platitude," returned Lady Ryvers. "How many times this day have you told me that what cannot be cured must be endured?"

"It is perfectly true, mamma," said the girl.

"So it may be; but that is no earthly reason why you need repeat it."

"Monica," said Lady Lester, "it would be better for you to be silent; you never did understand mamma."

"I only want to comfort her. I cannot bear to see her so unhappy."

"But I tell you there is no comfort!" cried Lady Ryvers. "Oh, Marguerite, my heart is broken!"

"Nay mamma, let us hope it is not quite so bad as that," said Lady Lester.

But she asked no questions as to who her sister-in-law was, or anything about her.

"It is as bad as can be, Marguerite. He has married some poor obscure girl without birth, fortune, or anything else to recommend her."

"Except beauty," put in Monica.

"Yes," allowed Lady Ryvers, with some irritation, "except beauty. Now what is to be done? It is our social ruin. He is the head of the House of Ryvers. What is to be done, Marguerite?"

When that most serene of women did utter an opinion, it was very often what her sister, with some justice, called a "crusher."

This was the sort of opinion she uttered now.

"It is a mischievous affair," she said, "and I cannot see how it is to be mitigated. I always thought," she added slowly, "that Randolph meant to marry Gwendoline Marr."

"He ought to have married her," replied Lady Ryvers. "Marguerite, I shall never face the world. I will leave England and never return."

The Countess of Lester sat for some time in silence, and, curiously enough, this

silence was more consoling to her mother than all Monica's well-meant efforts.

"Mamma," said Monica, as though she had just made a wonderful discovery, "you may rely upon it. Randolph has married for love."

"Then he ought to be doubly ashamed!" cried Lady Revers. "The head of a house like ours, and to take such nonsense into consideration! He has acted no doubt like some untaught and untrained schoolboy; he has been charmed with some rustic blooming face, and has married the girl without any consideration as to how we should like it, or any thought of his own position. Oh, Marguerite, what shall we do? It is the first low marriage in the family."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Evelyn.

BY JOHN FROST.

SURELY, to-night, I am the personification of the character my dear friends choose to ascribe to me; they ought to recognise me," Evelyn Kurtz exclaimed, with a hard bitterness in her usually musically modulated voice, as she viewed herself in the long French mirrors that intensified and multiplied the amber and maroon beauties of her boudoir.

She was a handsome woman, this proud mistress of one of an Eastern city's grandest mansions.

The world—her world—said, that she was haughty and icy as she was regally beautiful.

There were others who thought differently, however.

It was enough that she was the joy of her father's heart.

Enough that there were those who knew she had a heart—humble, loving, pitiful.

A nature tenderly sympathetic, and compassionate with the compassion of love for humanity, freed from pride and condescension.

But there had come a time when her love for her father failed to satisfy every demand of her soul.

She cared naught for the adulation, the proffered passion, of the men who thronged about her always.

But she had become conscious of the existence of a nature that she felt mated her own.

She was no coy, silly girl to tell herself that she could not know what love meant until it was sought.

Miss Kurtz knew that the great longings, the restlessness, that disturbed her life after meeting Leroy Cummings was love for him.

If he was never more to her than now, a mere acquaintance, she could love no other man with the wealth of passion that throbbed in her heart for him.

And what hope had she, she asked herself as she stood before her costly mirrors, arrayed for a grand bal masque, that Mr. Cummings, whom she had met but a few times, ever would be anything more than a mere stranger to her?

"He thinks me wondrously beautiful, as I am," she murmured, idly pulling on her long, white gloves.

"And not that alone; not that alone, I am sure.

"There is in his nature some subtle affinity for mine; in his heart some pulsings of love for me.

"But he is poor, and proud, and probably believes that I am heartless and very cold.

"I never cared before what society called me. I care now, because he will hear me."

She took her frosted white silk mask and went down to the grand lighted hall to receive her father's good-bye kiss.

Miss Kurtz's costume was singularly recherche—embroidered frost.

Her dress, one graceful, trailing mass of some silken, sheeny fabric, dazzling frosted—was wreathed with vines of dead, ice-cased leaves, garlands of glittering grasses, and tiny branches of trees thickly coated with crystals.

Her dainty knots of sleeves were caught by spikes of icy twigs, and the foam of rich lace that rose and fell upon her low corsage gleamed frostily.

A chain of diamonds sparkled about her throat, suspending a crystal cross, and her great coils of dusky hair, garlanded with drooping, shining leaves, gleamed white with icy sheen.

Wearied with dancing, she sought the quiet and coolness of a little music-room and waited for an ice to be brought her.

Just beyond, separated by folds of filmy lace, was the softly lighted library.

Wooed by the dim seclusion of the room, she put aside the laces and entered.

Examining a collection of choice engravings that were piled upon a table, in a black domino, his mask studded with silver star spangles on a chair by his side, stood Leroy Cummings.

He started at the entrance of the dazzling visitant.

But as her manner betrayed only momentary surprise, and she moved towards him, he bowed deferentially, and made room for her by his side.

She turned over the engravings silently a moment, then ventured a remark.

"You like this seclusion, and these, better than the whirl in here?" with a motion towards the ball-room, whence floated sounds of music and laughter.

"Oh, infinitely. I have no heart nor part in that, but here, among these, I can live."

"You are fond of art?"

"Passionately. The more so that my life is shut off from aught but mere glimpses into its charmed regions."

"You have never traveled, then? Oh, how you would enjoy visiting these places"—letting her hand lie on the pictures. "Everyone does not appreciate them, but you would grow intoxicated with their beauty!

"Lovely Italy, and blue-curtained, sea-washed Greece, and glorious Switzerland, and the grand old German countries, you ought to see them all!"—and "you shall! you shall!" almost leaped to her lips, as she stood before this man that she would so freely make king of her life.

"Ah! madam, you are one of the few that appreciate their blessings," he said, with a quiet smile.

"Nay," she said, slowly, "I would willingly give all the blessings I have for one I have not."

And then her partner brought her ice, bowing to Leroy Cummings, who replaced his mask and went away.

"It was Miss Kurtz; there was no mistaking her voice," thought Mr. Cummings, wearily, as he re-entered the thronged saloons.

"It is cruel, that I must catch the infatuation with which she inspires men!

"I—I, a man with no heritage but toil and poverty, to be mad with love for her!

"Verily I am insane, to dare worship her as I do.

"Thank God! we are so immeasurably apart in the station that no harm can come of my madness!

"Is she, can she be wholly as cold as people say she is?

"As cold as that she chooses to represent to-night? What matter what she is to me?"

But down the room the Frost glittered now, and Leroy made his way towards it.

"Miss Kurtz," he whispered, "will you honor me with one dance?"

"With pleasure, Mr. Cumming; I had no idea you knew me.

"Shall I keep this waltz for you? I would give you a choice, but all are promised.

"I think I can arrange all about this."

"You honor me too much. Believe me, I shall not lightly value the pleasure."

The crowd parted them.

When they met again, and the courtly woman was within his encircling arm, her lustrous eyes meeting his, masks had been laid aside, and the rare, maidening beauty of her dusky, creamy face was close to his own.

Was it strange that for the few moments he held her thus his love was veritable madness?

Was it not a marvel that each seemed to the other cold and unimpassioned?

Is it not a false world that would have made one word of what burned in both hearts seem a stain if uttered?

He sought a place, the dance ended, where Miss Kurtz could get a breath of coolness from the conservatory.

"La belle Kurtz is regal to-night, is she not?

"And such an appropriate costume as she has chosen?

"Who do you think she is making her latest victim? Mr. Cummings. Poor fellow! he is to be pitied if he gets infatuated with her heartless majesty. She is certainly an iceberg—veritable frost."

The words came distinctly from among the plants, gleaming with blossoms, just a hand's breadth away.

Distinctly to Cummings, who fairly shivered with pain and anger, and bit his lips.

Distinctly to the woman at his side, who, forgetful of the crowd about them, turned to him with a deathly face, and misty, agonized eyes, and put her patrician hands on his arm as pleadingly as if the poor fellow were her equal, entreating—

"You know they do me injustice? Say you know it; that you do not believe what you just heard of me!"

This woman whom he loved so madly, though he had never seen any other phase of her character than that displayed by the perfection of her polished manners, or graceful dignity, pleading passionately to him.

"I do not believe what people say of you; but that you are good and noble—a woman worth naught less than worship; and that you are in no wise to blame that I have come to reverence you above all your sex.

"Do not think too hardly of me that I have spoken the truth; for, believe me, I am quite conscious of my own madness!"

* * * * * *

Weary weeks had passed since Leroy Cummings had breathed those words to Evelyn Kurtz, and passed from her presence.

Since then they had never met.

Wearily, with a deep sorrow in her heart, she moved daily among the poor and sick; languidly, coldly, more frostily than ever she smiled and talked and danced in the salons of the rich.

At last she told herself that there could be no unwomanliness in her, the heiress, suing to the poor man she loved.

So she wrote to Cummings and told him what his words had meant to her, for she, Evelyn Kurtz, had loved him.

His answer, bearing a date three days old had been placed in her hands.

His answer, blessing her for her kindness but firmly stating that it was impossible for him to so far forget what was due to her or his manhood as to take advantage of her noble condescension.

With white lips she crushed the note in her hand.

An hour later Miss Kurtz was treading the streets on her daily round of errands of mercy.

"I will call on Lizzie before I go home," she decided; and turned into a pleasant, respectable street, and ran up the steps of a house on whose door was a dressmaker's plate.

A young girl opened the door.

"Oh, Miss Kurtz, we have been so wishing you would come."

"Yes, I have been a long time away, Allie dear. How is Lizzie?"

"Quite well," said Allie, leading the way to the second story.

"We get along so nicely since you found this place for us.

"Lizzie says she shall soon be able very comfortably to pay the rent herself. She is upstairs; I will call her."

Lizzie came down presently, and after a joyful greeting to her visitor, went on—

"Miss Kurtz, there is a gentleman upstairs very ill.

"It is so sad; he has a mother who is insane—quite harmless, poor thing. But she seems to know that her son is ill, and has changed so these last two days with grieving, her nurse is afraid she may drop off before the son."

"How sad. Are they very poor? Can I do anything for them?"

"Well, when he was well, he worked hard to support his mother in comfort, and a nurse for her; now he is ill, they may need help."

"I will go and see him, Lizzie."

From the nurse, Miss Kurtz learned that the man had a fever, and while not earning anything, had little to support him.

From that day Miss Kurtz kept him supplied with flowers and luxuries.

When his mother died, she placed waxen blooms upon her quiet breast.

Then came a night when she said to the dressmaker.—

"I have a favor to ask of you to-night, Lizzie.

"I want to lie down a few hours upon your lounge. By midnight, the doctor will pronounce the verdict of life or death upon my patient, and I have become so interested I wish to hear it direct. I have sent the carriage home until one."

And so, wrapped in a warm shawl of Allie's, Miss Kurtz rested her stately form upon the little chintz lounge, and waited for the doctor's tap upon the door.

Midnight.

Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes after.

Miss Kurtz arose, and went softly up to the sick man's room, pushed the door ajar and entered.

The doctor stood beside his patient, with his fingers upon the thin wrist.

"He is dead," Miss Kurtz heard him say softly.

And then another man, bending over the white, upturned face, dropped some tears upon it.

At the sound of the woman's gently rustling dress, both men looked up, and Evelyn Kurtz stood face to face with Leroy Cummings, his golden hair thrust back from a pallid brow, and tears in his blue, proud eyes.

"Miss Kurtz, poor Stanley is dead," the doctor said kindly.

"He was a friend of yours?" she asked of Cummings, from whom she had not removed her eyes.

"He was, and I have so much to thank you for in his behalf.

"If he had lived, it would have been through your kind care."

"Or yours," said the doctor bluntly, "since you watched with him every night. You both did all you could."

"How is it I did not know this?" questioned Evelyn, still of Leroy.

"I took care that you should not," he answered her.

He had come close to her now, and was gazing with passionate longing into her beautiful, sorrowful face.

"I did not mean that you should meet me."

For a minute, both were silent, then Miss Kurtz said, slowly and low—

"Your pride is manly and natural; but is it not bitterly wrong?"

"Oh, Evelyn, I have only such humble rooms as these of Stanley's.

"What would the world say of me if I dared to ask you to be my wife?"

His voice was full of suppressed passion, his eyes of intense love, despite his resolve not to be tempted.

"Is what the world will say of more account to you than your own happiness, and mine?"

"God forgive my folly! No, Evelyn; surely, love is above all."

He gathered her hands in his, and slipped upon her finger a quaintly-carved old ring he wore.

And so they were betrothed, and as he led her away from his friend's deathbed, he whispered—

"God bless you for ever, my noble wife; and forgive me, that to you, I should so long have been frost."

STATISTICS OF MARRIAGE.—It is found that young men from 15 to 20 years of age marry young women averaging two or three years older than themselves; but, if they delay marriage until they are 20 or 25 years old, their spouses average a year younger than themselves, and henceforward this difference steadily increases, till in extreme old age, on the bridegroom's part, it is apt to be enormous. The inclination of octogenarians to wed misses in their teens is an everyday occurrence, but it is amusing to find in the love matches of boys that the statistics bear out the satires of Thackeray and Balzac.

Bric-a-Brac.

SALT.—To beat the whites of eggs quickly, put in a pinch of salt. The cooler the eggs the quicker they will froth. Salt cools and also freshens them.

NATURE'S TRICKS.—Rabbits have been born with one ear and stags with one horn; the rattlesnake has but one lung; both eyes of the flounder and halibut are on the same side; the claws of the lobster differ, and the valves of the oyster are unequal, yet all the animals and their organs are perfectly symmetrical in the embryo state.

THE OLDEST AIR.—"Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled," was written by Burns, to the national air of "Hey tutti tutti." It is said to be the oldest air now known, and is mentioned in 1488, by Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld. It was the brilliant martial air whose notes kindled the war flame in the breasts of Bruce's army as he led them on the field of Bannockburn.

FAT PEOPLE.—A London paper says a showman who has been letting out some of the secrets of his trade says that in the case of fat women who are exhibited, a hollow needle is made to penetrate the skin to the areolar tissue, and through this air is forced until the subject is distended to her full limit. What is, therefore, commonly held as fat is largely made up of wind.

MOTHER AND CHILD.—The Omaha Indians have a curious custom. When the father dies the mother loses all rights in the children. Every child, unless of very tender age, is separated from the mother and will go into the family of some of the father's relatives, and may be claimed as his own by the male head of the family. This separation of the mother and her offspring is permanent.

WHERE IT ROLLED FROM.—Few people know where the song "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By" came from, although it is one of the most universally sung and best known of all recent pieces. An accident, however, revealed its origin. A singer while rendering it one night dropped one of his notes after the introductory bass, and a cranky musician in the audience at once jumped to his feet and cried out: "By gracious! I've got it at last. It's the 'Blue Bells of Scotland' worked over." And so it is.

MUSICAL MIXTURE.—Some forty years ago the programme of one of the concerts of the Norwich Musical Festival contained the following list of *morceaux* with the executants. It can hardly be considered overloaded as regards punctuation. The "Messiah" was to be performed, and the numbers ran somewhat in this way:—"Comfort ye Mr. Hobbs, But who may abide Mr. Balfe, Behold a virgin Mr. Young, Behold darkness shall cover Mr. Phillips, Rejoice greatly, Miss Birch, He shall feed Miss Hawes, Come unto me, Mdme. Stockausen."

SHORT COURTSHIPS.—The shortest and most business-like courtship extant among civilized people is that encouraged by the managers of the Foundling Asylum in Naples. All marriageable girls of the institution assemble in a room, to which young men of good character have access. Offer of marriage on the part of any young man is conveyed by allowing his handkerchief to drop before the object of his choice as he passes by. If the girl takes it up she thereby signifies her acceptance, but her refusal if she allows it to remain. Business is business.

A WISE CONCLUSION.—An officer in Jersey City the other morning (1.30 A. M.) came upon two young men who were in a grocery store, where they had lighted the gas and were packing up goods. They explained that they were clerks in the store, had been on a little "racket," and had concluded to deliver certain orders before the regular hour for opening that day, so as to make time. The confiding officer agreed to mind the place while they started off with their first instalment of goods, and as they didn't return he sagely concluded that they must have been thieves.

RUSSIAN RAGS.—The rags which the Russian peasant wears have struck all travelers who have visited Russia. Sufficient to say that boots are considered as objects of luxury, and until now, in Little Russia, the girl buys one pair of boots, and must wear them throughout her life. On Sunday, when she goes to church, she walks barefooted in the cold mud of the road, and only when she has arrived at the church she washes her feet in a pond of water, puts on her boots, and enters full dressed. The three roubles (about a dollar and a half) she has paid for her boots are considered by the peasant as such an immense amount of money that his wife never must expect to indulge in such an expense for a second time during her life.

DIAMONDS AND FANS.—Diamonds were not an unusual decoration of fans in Queen Elizabeth's day, and glittered on the handles and sticks. One of this description was owned by the Duchess of York; the handle and stick were carved in the most artistic manner, which flashed out with prismatic beauty in the hands of the stately owner. No less costly and beautiful were the fans of France. Madame de Pompadour possessed a very remarkable fan made of the finest lace. In this was inserted a succession of painted miniatures set in medallions, and a border of smaller miniatures finished the edge. Among the fans that the Archduchess Christine carried with her to Spain when she wedded King Alfonso was one with an ivory handle and sticks so delicate as to be almost transparent. In the centre of the fan was a finely executed royal crown and the coats of arms of the Austrian and Spanish houses. Another was of black lace, and had a pink mother-of-pearl handle.

LITTLE THINGS.

BY C. M.

Oh! never lose the solemn thought,
That trifling actions will
Affect ourselves and those around
For future good or ill.

And hesitate before you drop
Cross words, however few,
Because you cannot guess the harm
Such little words may do.

No more than you can calculate
The power there lies for good
In kindly deed, and loving smile,
With gentle, tender mood.

And never argue that your work
Is worthless and confined,
But bring to it a willing heart,
And bright, contented mind.

From trifling deeds results may rise
Beyond all power to tell,
So do not scorn "the little thing,"
But do that little well.

TWICE MARRIED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE NEMESIS OF LOVE," "BARBARA GRAHAM," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—[CONTINUED.]

"HUGH EVANS," said Mr. Thornton, "I understand your conduct better than you imagine, and can enter into your feelings.

"You loved Winifred Herbert as I loved Lucy Lloyd, and, like me, you had the torture of seeing another take the woman most loved on earth from you.

"I suffered as deeply as you can have done, but I found comfort in Lucy's happiness, and the knowledge that her husband was worthy of her.

"If you had been able to imitate me, it would have been well for us all."

"But you could not, and I do not wonder you could not."

Evans looked at him in surprise, and murmured, "You don't?"

"No," replied Mr. Thornton; "for the man Winifred loved was not worthy of her.

"You had therefore more to bear in that than I had."

"The villain!" exclaimed Hugh, with more strength that he had yet shown; "if I could but see him hung! But I shall not—I shall not!"

"You would not see Winifred die of a broken heart?" said Mr. Thornton very gently.

"Remember, she was his wife long before you loved her—that was no injury to you.

"She has been innocent, throughout, of all but imprudence.

"She has suffered as no one knows better than yourself.

"Evans, are you a man? Have you any hope of pardon for your sins in the world to which you are going, and yet can seal that poor girl's misery and death, and carry your own revenge beyond the grave?

"If you could but see her now, so crushed and yet so patient, so forgiving to those who have most injured her, so young, so heavily tried, Evans.

"If you can save her one pang of the bitterness she has to endure, I adjure you, do not leave this world without that one act of mercy to follow you to the grave."

Evans's stern mouth twitched, and his hand worked restlessly; but still no word.

"'When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive,'" repeated Mr. Thornton solemnly.

"Evans, God's mercy is never closed on this side the grave, if we truly repent, and strive to atone for the evil we have done, and trust in the Saviour, who bore on the cross every sin we have committed.

"Moments are precious; a few more hours, and it may be too late.

"Oh, do not hesitate, and lose the precious opportunity yet given to you."

He waited anxiously for the reply.

At last it came.

"Winifred—fetch her—quick."

It needed no second bidding.

The clergyman hastened from the room, and hurriedly explaining enough to secure the services of the housekeeper till a nurse he had sent for should arrive, he jumped into the first cab he saw, and bade the man drive for life and death.

* * * * * * *

One hour after Mr. Thornton's departure and a fair young girl was kneeling by the sofa on which Hugh Evans lay, her tears falling unconsciously at the sight of his corpse-like face, and haggard, agonized looks.

Deeply as he had injured her, she could not look on his last moments unmoved.

Yet her gentle sympathy seemed to increase his torture.

"You hate me," he said; "say that you hate me; it would be easier to bear than this."

"From my heart, I forgive you," she replied sadly.

"You have done me evil, and destroyed my every hope in life; but I forgive you, as I hope for mercy."

"Even if he die?" he murmured.

The girl gave a quick, sharp moan.

There was a moment's silence, and then she said firmly, Even then: I shall soon follow, and I dare not die with revenge in my heart.

"I do—I will pardon all who have caused me and him woe."

"You are an angel," said Evans. "I will—yes, I will—for your sake, not his. And yet it is awful to die.

"And are you sure, that there can be mercy?" he said, turning his eyes on Mr. Thornton.

"The word of God asserts it. There can be no doubt of His promises," was the reply.

"But you must show your penitence in deeds.

"God reads the heart, and will judge us according to our actions. You have done much evil; show mercy now, as you would obtain it in the hour of death."

"I will, I will," he said; "but I am too weak, too near my end to do what I would. Give me wine, brandy; anything to give me strength."

Mr. Thornton hastily administered some brandy to the sufferer, and wiped the cold damp from his face.

The clergyman's experienced eye saw there were evident signs of the immediate approach of death, and anxiously waited for the promised revelation.

For a few moments there was a dead silence.

Hugh Evans appeared to be collecting his thoughts and his strength, and Winifred knelt by the couch.

Her head bowed on her hands, as if seeking strength for what might await her, whether for joy or sorrow.

The sound of Hugh's voice, in a strangely altered tone, made her start and fix her eyes anxiously on his face, and cling to the head of the couch to steady her sinking frame.

"Listen," he said. "Let me swear on the Bible; then it may do some good. Quick, quick!"

Mr. Thornton took a small Testament from his pocket, and solemnly administered the oath.

"Write it," said Evans, yet more faintly.

In as rapid a time as was possible the clergyman tore a leaf from his pocket book and procured a pen and ink from the adjoining shop.

"Now," said Hugh, "I will tell you; and as I confess it freely, may God pardon me the sin!

"Evan Lloyd did not murder the man; I saw him afterwards alive; do you hear?—alive!"

"You saw Mr. Henry Allnutt alive!—you swear it!" said the clergyman, eagerly.

"I do," replied Hugh; "have you so written it?"

"Yes, yes; but where?—who killed him?" said Mr. Thornton.

"Harper—stole—murdered—the Capetry—he knows," said Hugh, faintly; "raise me, quick."

His breath was every minute more labored, and his voice fainter.

Mr. Thornton saw each moment was precious.

He asked no more questions, but placed the pen in the sufferer's hand, and supported him while he guided his trembling fingers till the brief confession was signed.

Then he turned his every attention, as was befitting, to the unhappy man's soul, and pronounced words of holy exhortation and comfort as the last awful moment approached.

And Winifred, mastering her own overwhelming agitation, bathed the sufferer's face and placed the cushions behind him, while Mr. Thornton knelt and offered up a prayer for pardon and support in the Saviour's name.

The dying man seemed to comprehend all this.

He gasped some words, in which "repent," "mercy," "save him," were all that could be distinguished, and then came a terrible effort for breath—a deep groan, and the spirit left the body, to meet Him whose decrees of mercy and of justice are alike infallible.

Winifred burst into tears.

An hysterical, uncontrollable burst of mingled feelings, which for a time was so violent as to alarm her companion, lest the shock of the whole scene, and the agitating renewal of the hope which had been so long crushed, might prove too great for her over-tried frame.

Every effort to calm her or to remove her from the room seemed only to increase this violent emotion.

Mr. Thornton was becoming most seriously perplexed and terrified by Winifred's utter inability to control the sudden revulsion of feeling, when the woman he had sent for fortunately made her appearance and relieved his painful situation.

To remove the over-tried girl from the room, and perform the necessary offices for the dead, was now only the work of a few minutes.

Winifred involuntarily clung to the kind motherly creature, who took her in her arms and almost carried her from the room like an exhausted child.

After administering a dose of the powerful cordial prescribed for Hugh Evans by the doctor, Winifred was composed enough to be restored, under the good woman's care, to the friends who were anxiously waiting for the result of her sudden and only half-explained flight from them a short time before.

* * * * *

Days passed on, with anxious alternations of hope and fear, to the friends and relatives of Evan Lloyd.

After a period of most painful suspense, the exertions of the Count de St. Hilaire and Mr. Thornton were so far rewarded by success as to obtain a respite for the prisoner, till an answer could be received from Cape Town, where a subpœna to appear as a witness on the reopened case was instantly forwarded, and Jonas Harper was also placed under arrest till the witness arrived, though, from the imperfect nature of the present charge, it was more a strict surveillance than an imprisonment to which he was subjected.

Painful however as the suspense of the weeks that followed necessarily proved to the persons concerned, there were many softening alleviations of their previous sufferings.

Paul de St. Hilaire no longer observed the edict of banishment from his bride wife, though she still refused to quit the parents who were so completely dependent on her more buoyant and youthful spirits for support in their trials.

Winifred, now the loved and acknowledged instead of the rejected wife, rallied sufficiently to fulfil a wife's duties so far as she was permitted to do so.

Evan, in his penitence and new-born humility, only wondered at his infatuation in having cast from him the love and care of such an angelic comforter as the once-despised girl proved herself in his need.

Laura de St. Hilaire, the noble, injured, splendid daughter of a high-spirited race, proved herself worthy of her lineage by the efforts she made to conquer the heart-crushing sorrow that had fallen on her.

Paul, in his brotherly quick-sightedness, sometimes fancied that Mr. Thornton was a more skilful and successful physician to the deep wound than he could be with all his loving care.

Thus the days and weeks sped on, and the day drew near for the arrival of the mail which was to bring news of such terrible import for life or for death.

* * * * *

Once more Laura and Winifred sat in loving and sister-like sympathy, and heart-beating, agonizing suspense.

Every moment might bring the footstep which would be a harbinger of joy or misery, the bearer of the verdict that might confirm the fearful sentence under which Evan Lloyd now lay, or commutation either to penal punishment or complete acquittal.

There they sat, those beautiful girls silent save by the glance or pressure of the hand that from time to time spoke the sympathetic feelings that were too deep and engrossing for words, and the deep-drawn breath which succeeded each deceiving sound that excited their hopes and fears of the termination of their suspense.

At last it came, an unmistakeable step, Paul de St. Hilaire's step, and it was quick, firm, and decided.

Laura interpreted it at once.

"Winifred, darling, it is for joy—I know it, I feel it," she said clasping the trembling form of the young wife in her arms.

"Calm yourself, darling. Do not give way now, after bearing so much."

The door opened.

One glance was enough.

Paul's face was deeply, solemnly thankful and happy in its expression.

"Winifred, Laura, dearest, prepare yourselves for a great, most merciful blessing," said he.

"Evan is acquitted of the capital charge, and his sentence commuted to a short imprisonment.

"Thank God for His great goodness to us."

Laura murmured a devout "Amen!" but there was no response from the young wife.

* * * * *

Our tale has necessarily occupied so large a share of attention, that we must compress into as brief a space as possible the details of the singular circumstances that had led to the extrication of Evan Lloyd from the deepest guilt that can rest on human head.

It appeared from the evidence of the young man (William Morris) who had so long and successfully personated the unhappy Henry Allnutt in Colonel Wilmott's family, and who turned out to be a nephew of Hugh Evans's housekeeper, that the real criminal was in truth the very man who had acted as the chief accuser of Evan Lloyd.

Henry Allnutt had probably been stunned by the sudden plunge into the strong current, or perhaps by some accidental blow from coming in contact with the bridge.

He had evidently recovered sufficiently to get to the shore, and stagger feebly towards the nearest dwelling for help, which was of course the mill, and adjoining cottage of the overlooker.

Hugh Evans returned home just as the exhausted fugitive had received some restoring food and warm beer from his housekeeper and her young nephew, who was visiting her during an interval between leaving one situation and the expected engagement for another.

The angry and bitter mood of the overlooker at that especial moment was anything but propitious to the half-drowned and suspicious looking individual seeking refuge at his dwelling.

He fiercely demanded of his housekeeper how she dared waste his property, and admit within his doors such a rascally tramp, as the unhappy Allnutt certainly appeared at the moment.

Faint, bewildered, and fearful of another meeting with the enraged Evan, poor Henry Allnutt dragged himself, with staggering and trembling steps, from the inhospitable door to seek some more friendly refuge on that bleak November night.

And then came a short break in the story, which only one person could fill up.

But William Morris went on to state that he had followed the unfortunate applicant for relief, as soon as he could, without exciting suspicion, intending to give him any assistance in his power, till he could obtain more permanent relief.

He had searched for some time in vain, when a faint noise of struggling and groans attracted his attention, and on directing his steps in the direction from which it came he found that it proceeded from a kind of outhouse to the mill, and looking cautiously within, he saw to his horror the figure of Jonas Harper, kneeling on the prostrate form of the very person whom he sought, and fixing his hands tightly on his throat, to stifle the groans which were becoming fainter and fainter every moment.

William Morris was a far younger and slighter-made man than the ruffian who was perpetrating the crime.

He did not hesitate to rush into the shed, and throw himself with all his strength on the murderer.

But the contest was an unequal one, and too late to be of any avail to the victim, who was breathing his last, while yet the struggle on his behalf went on.

"I tell you what, young sprig," said Jonas fiercely, as he dashed the young man violently against the wall, and then set his back against the narrow door to prevent any possibility of egress, "I'll serve you the same if you attempt any tricks. Unless you keep your mouth shut about this night's work, you'll never open it again in this world, I promise you."

It were needless to recapitulate the scene that followed.

Morris was at length forced to yield to superior force, and stand quietly by while the wretched victim's pockets were searched for the booty which Jonas had probably expected when he found him lying, apparently insensible, in the hut.

Their perusal led to a scheme which, after much resistance and hesitation, was at length agreed to by the young and tempted Morris.

It was, that he should personate the murdered man, and thus silence inquiry, as well an secure himself a lucrative and safe situation, far from the scene of the crime, or the danger of detection.

The remainder is tolerably familiar to our readers.

We need only add, that the facts of the case were so clearly proved by the young man's unshaken and distinct testimony, agreeing as it did with Evan's own previous statement, that the guilt of Jonas Harper and his own innocence actual murder were established to the satisfaction of the Home Secretary and the judge who had tried the case.

The long imprisonment Evan had already undergone, and the extreme suffering it had entailed, were considered as sufficient to form part of the punishment for his assault on the unhappy Allnutt, and three months' imprisonment was the only penalty awarded for the crime which had in all probability been the original cause of the death of his friend.

"And now, Winifred," concluded the count, after relating these details, "I have one relic to give you of the poor victim of evil passions, which will make you at once bless and regret more deeply his sad memory and fate. Look here!"

Winifred took a paper from the hand of the count, read it, and burst into a flood of tears.

It was the certificate of her early and secret marriage.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THREE months had elapsed, working changes in their swift, silent progress, which, if of a less startling and violent character than the events narrated in our former chapters, were yet even more real and permanent in their influence on the destiny of the personages whose story we have nearly brought to a conclusion.

Evan Lloyd had come forth from his too terribly just punishment a wiser, better, but a sadder and a most changed man.

Changed; yet, in mind, in feeling, even in physical appearance and bearing.

Evan's very appearance, too, was altered by his terrible sufferings during those long months of suspense, and remorse, and subsequent punishment.

He had, to outward seeming, passed years instead of months in that prison cell, so deeply-marked were the traces that time had imprinted upon his features and form.

The splendid, clustering thick hair had streaks of white in its once raven blackness, the noble brow had lines on its smooth surface, and the proud, beautifully-cut mouth had an expression of sad and patient suffering, peculiarly touching to those who remembered the the haughty curl, or winning smile, which those lips once wore as the mood and temper changed.

And the cheeks, too, were pale and sunk, and the noble figure was wasted and slightly bent, though nothing could quite change the singularly aristocratic bearing and step which, Evan was second nature.

Still, with all this evident change in body and mind, Evan complained not, nor made the slightest parade of either the repentance or the sufferings which had thus preyed on his physical and mental powers.

His nature was too strong and grand for the slightest touch of weakness, or appeal for the pity or approval of others; and though his manner was gentle, considerate, and tender to the loved ones to whom he owed so deep a debt, even to them, the self-

control and uncomplaining endurance, which were the sole remains of his former haughty reserve and iron harshness of character, were rigidly observed.

The sole exception, perhaps, to this rigid self-restraint was to be seen when conversing with Charles Thornton, on the eve of his departure from England, with the still fragile and delicate Winifred, a few days after the expiration of his imprisonment.

"Mr. Thornton," he said, "I owe you more than I can ever repay.

"You have saved me from a shameful death; and, what I prize far more, have averted from my poor Winifred the last worst pang it would have inflicted. My life could not be a sufficient return for such a service.

"But you have done more, far more, than prolonged my days for a brief space—you have made me more fit to live, and fit to die."

"Brief space!" repeated the clergyman. "Do you mean——?"

"I mean nothing," interrupted Evan, smiling sadly, "except, that though I seemed to have a heart harder than iron, I am not quite made of that stuff, and life and health are not usually improved by such a terrible six months as I have passed. But, enough of myself.

"What I wanted to say is this, my debt to you is beyond hope of payment; but there is one who, though deeply injured by me, yet cherishes sufficient remains of the devotion I so ill deserved, to assume and discharge my heavy obligations to you. Can you not guess whom I mean?"

"Yes, Evan; I will not affect to misunderstand you," said Mr. Thornton, with a slight flush; "but I dare not hope, I cannot expect that Laura——"

"Laura has learnt to distinguish the true from the false idol," said Evan, sadly. "She fancied I was all her grand nature craved for as worship; she knows now that she will find her true ideal in you. Trust me, it is so.

"I know her well; and I tell you—you may win her if you will."

"If I will, Evan," reiterated Mr. Thornton; "I loved your sweet sister once, as it was scarcely possible I should have known her without doing so, but my love for her was soon crushed by its hopelessness, and Laura was so noble, and yet so helpless; so strong, and yet so weak, that——"

"You gave her a heart worthy of her," said Evan, "and I assure you, Mr. Thornton, she will be sure to accept it. But oh, do not delay.

"I long to see those happy whom I so cruelly wronged.

"Let me find, when Winifred and I take possession of the little estate Paul has secured for us near the chateau, that Laura is, e. re long will be, the mistress of the English home she used to picture to herself."

"Then you will settle in France finally?" said Mr. Thornton.

"Yes," replied Evan. "The fortune that the unhappy Hugh Evans so strangely bequeathed to Winifred has purchased the estate which Paul wished to save from a stranger's possession, and will enable us to live in comfort, and be a provision for her in any case."

Evan, you are concealing something even from me," said Mr. Thornton, gently. "You are ill—worse than you confess. For Winifred's sake, do not trifle with yourself. Take some advice."

"Yes, yours," said Evan, solemnly. "Mr. Thornton, I trust your counsel and admonitions have sunk deep in my heart, and worked its cure. Other aid, I neither need, no will have."

* * * * * *

The seasons had rolled round since the trial of Evan Lloyd: it was once more summer—glad, bright, joyous June—and the rich woods, gardens, and orchards around the Chateau de St. Hilaire, and the Villa Campana, where Evan and Winifred had long since taken up their abode, were in full beauty and luxuriance.

The Count and his amiable wife were rejoicing and glad as the fair scenes around their abode, for an heir had been born to that long descended estate, and the happiness of that noble pair appeared complete! Complete? When was human bliss perfect and unalloyed?

When could it be so, without danger to poor frail human nature? There was a drop of bitterness in his cup of Paul and Lucy, and that bitterness was the constantly increasing anxiety about the brother, that "lost one," who was dearer to them for his past deep errors, and his yet deeper penitence, than would have been "those ninety and nine who went not astray."

Winifred saw not the change; she would not, dared not confess that her idolized husband was gradually becoming more wasted as the spring, which should have brought roundness to the sunken cheeks and vigor to the exhausted frame, advanced. She would not see that he quickly and silently avoided any exertion that was not absolutely necessary; that his appetite failed more and more, and that the eyes grew brighter and brighter, till they were almost painfully soft and full. And in her present critical state of health, when on the eve of becoming once more a mother, and under such different and happier auspices that formerly it would have been cruel to wake her from her blissful self-deception and ignorance.

At last, an unexpected decision was made for them.

It was a calm, beautiful evening in June; Evan and Winifred had been dining at the Chateau, and the fair sisters were together in the nursery of the infant heir while Paul and Evan strolled quietly in the thick shrubbery that skirted Lucy's especial flower garden.

They had been silent for some time, and Paul, who saw that Evan's step was slow and languid, proposed sitting down on a large garden chair, which commanded a view of the Villa Campana in the distance.

"Paul," said Evan abruptly, "I have decided to take Winifred to England, to Linnover."

"My good fellow," said Paul, starting, "have you considered what you are doing? Remember Winifred's state; and you are not strong: and the return may be agitating to you; I fear it for both."

Evan smiled, very sadly, like the faint gleam of silver light in a dark cloud.

"I understand you, Paul," said he; "but hear my reasons, and you will agree with me.

"I should like my child to be born in the house of my fathers, in the land of my ancestors; and God grant that, if it is a son, he may be more worthy of them than my guilty self.

"And, Paul, my noble father, my angel mother, it will be consoling to them to have a child to gladden their hearts, and renew the innocent memories of their Evan's childhood, without those of his manhood's crimes."

Paul was deeply touched, but he strove to control his emotion, and speak calmly, even cheerfully.

"But you must consider yourself and Winifred, Evan. The journey might be too trying for both."

"For myself it matters not," said Evan; "it can but hasten a little, a very little, what must shortly come; and as for Winifred, it can be made harmless by easy stages, and care.

"And she will love to be among her own people, and among mine, whom they love as a daughter, and with Laura, her almost worshipped model of perfection."

Evan tried to speak playfully, but the tone was husky and broken.

"But you will return to us, Evan," said Paul. "We cannot do without you. You will not desert us?"

A strange expression, solemn, yet placid, passed over Evan's wan face as he replied, "'Weep sore for him that goeth away, for he shall return no more,' Paul, you have guessed the truth, or I am deceived."

"Evan, I feared, I was certain you were concealed your real state," said Paul, looking in his pale face with a look of deep, grave tenderness. "Tell me, is it well, is it safe, to deceive Winifred, even if it is not really courting danger to abstain from all chance of averting it? There may be much done to soften, to delay, even to cure what is wrong."

"No, Paul, no," said Evan. "The fiat is gone forth, and a most just and merciful one it is, and far lighter than I deserve. Is it not written, 'He who sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed?' Thank God, I have not the sin of actual murder on my conscience either in deed or in act; but the passions that moved me were those which constitute the real sin; and had it not been for my most shameful violence, poor Allnutt had not been a prey to the villian who actually ended his life. But I thank God he has not only given me time and the grace to repent, but an interval of happiness with my precious wife, and you, the brother of my heart, and my my sweet Lucy. Dare I murmur, Paul? Have I not cause for deep thankfulness?"

Paul was about reply, but a sudden grasp of his arm, and a convulsive movement of Evan's features arrested his words.

He was about to call for help as he supported the rigid form in his arms; but Evan faintly murmured "No, no; the sensation is going. Wait; I am better now."

In a few moments his features relaxed, the color returned to his white face, and the grasp of his iron fingers loosened.

"It is nothing; only a spasm. I have had it before," he murmured. "I am well now; as as well as I ever shall be in this world."

"But Winifred, she should know. Let me break it to her," said Paul. "It would be too painful for you, but Lucy and I would strive to soften the blow."

"No, no," said Evan; "let it come in the midst of those who will shelter and foster her in her bereavement; let it come when the soft kiss of her infant will wipe away her tears, and the baby form be clasped to the desolate heart and supply the void which my unworthy self will leave. No, Paul, wait; let it be as I wish. Promise to keep my secret."

Paul gave the required promise, while choking back the manly tears that rose to his eyes, and the sound that swelled in his husky throat as he spoke; and it was long ere he could command himself, to return with Evan to the house, and encounter the loving looks and cheerful voices of the beloved ones, on whom such a grief was impending.

* * * * * *

Once more Evan Lloyd is sitting in the house of his father,—the spot which had seen the glad rejoicings attendant on his birth; the sports of his happy boyhood; the pride, and hopes, and fears which the brilliant successes, the glowing ardor, the unscrupulous ambition of his youth and early manhood had excited in his parent's mind.

And that spot, too, had seen the agony of a father's heart, under the severest suffering a parent can know—the discovery of the guilt of an only and most dearly loved son.

The apartment in which Evan sat was a room that in boyhood had been called his "schoolroom," in after days the "study," and in the few last months of his residence at the Grange, "Mr. Evan's room."

It was a room furnished with all the belongings of a young and refined man.

Books, maps, drawings, fishing-tackle, fencing-foils, a gun, cricket gloves and bat, were all in their places, or rather in the careless order, the methodical confusion of such old-bachelor-like appurtenances.

All had been preserved in the same order as he had left them, by the love and clinging maternal instincts of Lady Lloyd; and Evan guessed well how often during his absence that room had been visited, and tears of regretful yearnings for the past, of loving hopes for the future, shed in that very chair where he now sat, thoughtfully, absently, gazing around him on each well-remembered object.

Ay, thoughtful, sad, even tearful was that lingering glance.

Evan had often heard, how during the brief interval before perfect unconsciousness, a drowning man had his whole life pass before him as in one long moving panorama.

And it seemed so now with him.

Every months and year; every trifling incident of his past life rose up before him—things long forgotten; words that had not been uttered for years; looks that had passed for ever from the features of those who had worn the fleeting expression, rushed back on his mind, sounded in his ears, appeared before his eyes.

And with it all, was the solemn abiding conviction that the life thus reviewed was fast drawing to a close, and the deeds and words, and thoughts for good and evil, gone before him to judgment.

"But not in judgment, but in mercy Thou wilt receive my erring spirit before Thy throne," muttered Evan, covering his face with his hands. "Thy blessed word has offered mercy to the penitent; and Thy promises are true and in them I put my trust."

He raised his head, and the gloom and sadness had gone from his face, and a look of calm faith and hope had given fresh beauty—even youth, to its worn and haggard features.

The door opened and Lady Lloyd appeared.

"My son," said she, "let up thank God for His great goodness. He has given you—given us a son, an infant Evan, dear boy; and our Winifred is longing to receive a father's blessing. Come with me, dearest."

Evan was very pale, and his hand pressed his side, as it to still the beating pain that seized the very springs of life, but a bright smile was on his lips.

"Bless you, darling mother," said he, "ever the angel messenger of good tidings to your unworthy son. Where is my father?—does he know?"

"He is in your dressing room, dear boy, waiting for a glimpse of your treasure," she replied; "but he felt that you had the first right to enter Winifred's chamber at such a moment."

Evan rose, and by a mighty effort commanded the paroxysm of pain, and accompanied his mother to the chamber where Sir William awaited him.

"Come with me, my father," he said; "you will bless your second,—I trust, your more worthy son."

They entered the room together: the young man leaning on the arm of the more vigorous though aged father, like a sapling clinging to an aged oak, and the still lovely mother following with tearful joy and love in her agitated face.

Laura Thornton was standing by the bed, bending tenderly over the happy, beautiful young mother, and the infant so lately born into the world.

She turned as the door opened, and gave place to the father and grand-father of the babe, as they approached to give the child their fervent blessing and welcome to their hearts.

"Winifred, my precious one, thank God you are safe, and have this darling to occupy your love, and give you fresh happiness," said Evan, kissing the sweet pale face. "My darling, you have given me many and life-proofs of your love and unselfish devotion; I ask one more: will you grant it, my beloved?"

"Can you doubt it?" she softly whispered.

"Then live for our child's sake," said Evan; "think of me as still yours, only looking on you from another world, where you will join me one day; and that I could never have found perfect happiness even with you, while haunted by the memory of the guilty past. Darling, I am ever your own; one day we shall meet again, never to part."

Winifred looked fearfully, doubtingly, on him.

A glimmering of the truth dawned upon her.

But Evan, still mastering, though with difficulty, the fast-increasing agony, turned to his father.

"My father," said he, "this is another son, and a worthier object of your love. Adopt him, train him to be like yourself; and if you see the germs of his father's passions in his young heart, tell him that father's history, as a warning.

"It is my last legacy to you—the sole atonement for the pains I have caused you. Mother, you will cherish your daughter and the babe."

Evan's face was white, and his lips were rigid and compressed, but still the strong spirit was master of the body, and the indomitable will still showed itself determined to finish the task he had begun. He took Laura Thornton's hand and laid it on Winifred's slender fingers.

"Laura," said he—"noble, adopted sister of my heart, you have long since pardoned my treason to you, and I can trust your grand nature to still return good for evil; support, comfort, cherish these stricken ones—especially poor Winifred; you have more power than any one else on earth to console her.

"To you, then, I commit my most beloved, my angel wife, and may Heaven bless you both."

Then, as his strength fast failed him, the young man grasped firmer the arm he had not altogether relinquished—the arm which had been the first to receive him when he entered this world, which proved such a feverish time of strife, and woe, and guilt, in his brief career, and with its help he walked slowly but firmly from the room, not even turning at the door to give Winifred a parting smile of tenderness.

But no sooner had the door closed, and the strong motive for exertion passed away, than his head dropped, one deep, mournful groan of agony was heard, and Evan Lloyd's spirit had gone from earth to Him who gave it.

* * * * * *

One word in conclusion, to assure those who have taken an interest in Winifred Herbert's woes, that she sorrowed not without hope, nor nursed her grief in murmuring selfishness and disregard of the duties and blessings left her.

She mourned Evan as such love as hers alone could mourn, but she remembered and fulfilled the promise he had exacted, and she lived for the sake of her boy, and of those who so loved and cherished her in her widowhood.

Sir William and Lady Lloyd, Winifred's own parents, Paul and Lucy, and above all, Laura Thornton and her noble husband, were a loving throng of friends to guard, foster and comfort Winifred in every hour of perplexity, danger and sadness.

But she lived in the trusting hope of being restored once more to him she had so fondly loved, and to whom she had been "Twice Married" on earth, only, as she believed, to have the union perfected for ever in Heaven.

[THE END.]

A Lucky Escape.

BY BLAKE PAXSON.

"YOU won't take my advice, eh?" said Uncle Gerald.

He looked down at me with a face which was a curious admixture of annoyance and amusement.

I looked up at him with defiance.

Uncle Gerald and I had always been on the best of terms since, at the age of eight years, I had been bequeathed, a helpless orphan, to his care, by the dead father who had nothing else to leave, unless we except an accumulation of debt which took my uncle the best part of ten years to settle off.

I loved him dearly, and he had always made a pet of me, clothed, so to speak, in purple and fine linen, and borne with my childish faults and failings with a patience which certainly was exceptional in the case of a middle-aged bachelor.

But now, on my 19th birthday, we had come to an open rupture.

"No, uncle, I won't," said I; "there are some subjects upon which no one can decide as well as a girl herself, and this is one of them."

"Viva," said he, "you are making a mistake."

"Uncle," retorted I, "I'm willing to risk that."

"He is too reticent—too dark-browed and mysterious."

"I don't object to that, uncle," said I saucily.

"And I for one," he answered, "shall never consent to bestow my niece upon a man who is not ready and willing to explain his whole life, past and present to me, and, if nothing more, give me some sort of reference as to his character, standing, and ability to maintain a wife."

My eyes now fairly flashed with indignation.

"Uncle," cried I, "I have far too much confidence in Alan Fairbrooke—too much respect for him—to go prying into his antecedents, and demanding a reference, as if he were a discharged coachman."

"But, Viva, he should mention these matters without waiting to be questioned," urged my uncle.

"And so he would, did he suspect such unwarrantable doubts were entertained in regard to him."

"Take my advice, Viva," said my uncle, shaking his head; "wait a little. Don't give your life into his keeping till you know more of him. Remember what you are risking."

"I know that I love him dearly, uncle, and that he loves me; and that is sufficient," said I, with the buoyant confidence of girlhood.

Uncle Gerald said nothing more; it would have been of no use.

And I tripped away to arrange the sprenful of roses that I had been holding all this time, in the great, old-fashioned china vases in the parlor.

"I'll marry Alan Fairbrooke in spite of all the world," said I, triumphantly to myself.

Mr. Fairbrooke had come to Welland a stranger.

He had never exactly made the statement in so many words, but the impression had in some way gained ground that he was a civil engineer come to survey the ground for a newly-projected line of railway.

He lived luxuriously at our unpretending little hotel, dressed elegantly, wore diamonds, and took all the feminine hearts in the place by storm.

And when, one evening, walking by the ravine, where the narrow river made its foamy way through precipices of vine-draped rocks, he told me, after the prettiest and most romantic fashion, that he loved me—me, a penniless orphan, with nothing

in the world to recommend me but a dimple in my cheek, chestnut brown hair, and two big porcelain blue eyes, I could hardly believe in my own marvelous good .fortune.

And so we were engaged.

My uncle's disapproval was the only drop of bitterness in my overflowing cup of bliss.

"You shall never marry him with my consent," said Uncle Gerald.

"Then I'll marry him without," said I, audaciously. "And what is more, uncle, I will not stay here to hear my future husband"—I couldn't help blushing as I spoke these words—"so abused and slandered by you."

"Where will you go?" he asked.

"To Clara Elliott's. She has time and time again asked me to visit her. I can be her guest, now, until I go to a home of my own."

Uncle Gerald held up both his hands with an involuntary gesture of pleading affection.

"And are all the years that we have been like father and daughter to go for nothing?" he said.

"Of course, I'm very grateful, and all that sort of thing," said I, pouting and defiant, "but nothing weighs against the impulses of the heart."

I went away.

I knew very well that I was cutting my kind uncle to the heart, but I cared little for that.

Alan Fairbrooke was all in all to me now.

Clara Elliott received me with smiles and kisses.

"I'm so glad you've come," said she; "I had so much to say to you, and I was going to send for you. I'm going to be married, Viva."

"So am I," cried I.

Clara and I hugged each other.

"Show me his photograph, dear," said Clara, eagerly.

"Of course I will, if you'll show me his," I replied.

I drew a scented envelope from my pocket.

Clara took from her writing desk a crimson velvet case.

Clara uttered a shriek the instant she saw my treasured carte de visite, whose senseless pictured lips I had kissed so many times.

"It is he!" cried she. "My Alan!"

"It's my Alan!" retorted I, very indignantly.

"Look!" declared Clara, opening her picture.

I did look, and I perceived that the two pictures were identically the same.

"It's a big mistake," said I, growing pale.

"A big mistake. Nothing of the sort!" said Miss Elliott, bridling up. "He gave it to me himself."

"Alan Fairbrooke?"

"Yes, Alan, Fairbrooke."

"It can't be possible," said I, hysterically. "Because he's engaged to me."

"Viva Maurice, you are crazy," said Clara.

"No," said I, beginning to comprehend the nature of the dilemma a little; "I am not crazy; but it seems that this Alan Fairbrooke has been playing us both false. And ——"

"Hallo, girls!" cried out the voice of Dr. Elliott, below stairs; "come down here. Here's a pretty kettle of fish.

"The *Daily Mirror* has just come, with a picture of the embezzling bank clerk who ran away from London with his employer's money and securities a month ago. And, as true as I live, it's your black-eyed friend, Fairbrooke."

He came upstairs with the newspaper in his hand, and there, in black and white, were the false and handsome features of Alan Fairbrooke—Alan Fairbrooke branded as a knave and a felon!

"Has—has he been arrested?" gasped Clara.

"Not he. Did you ever put salt on a bird's tail?

"He's cleared out, bag an baggage, leaving a bill of five hundred dollars unsettled at the hotel, and nobody knows how many little outstanding accounts here and there."

Clara and I looked at one another, pale and trembling.

"Oh, papa!" said Clara, "he took my diamond ring to have reset for me in Parisian style."

"And I gave him my watch and chain to be repaired, when next he went to the city," gasped I.

The doctor burst out laughing.

"Never mind, girls; never mind," said he.

"Diamonds and watches aren't of so much consequence—it's well you didn't give him yourselves, for good and all."

And mortified and disappointed as we were, we could not help perceiving the sense and justice of Dr. Elliott's words.

I went home to my uncle, humbly entreated his forgiveness, and once more put myself under his shelter and protection.

He kissed me with all the old tenderness.

"Never mind, my love," said he. "Let bygones be bygones. We'll begin the world over again."

I don't know whether Alan Fairbrooke was ever brought to justice or not.

But I do know that neither Clara Elliott nor I ever saw anything of our trinkets again.

And, upon the whole, we came to the conclusion that we had had a very lucky escape.

NEVER procrastinate.

WHICH WINS?

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY SECOND SELF," "A SQUIRE'S LEGACY," "A PRINCE IN DISGUISE," "RED RIDING HOOD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—[CONTINUED.]

TO the best of my knowledge, yes," the clergyman answered, after a momentary pause of thought.

"Ah! You know of no wife—no child?"

"He could scarcely have failed to commend them to my care if there had been such—for I suppose they would have inherited whatever remined of the property you settled on him," Mr. Nesbitt said gravely.

"No; unless you choose to follow your son's coffin yourself, Mr. Leigh, it will go to the grave with only me for mourner."

"I have no intention of doing anything of the sort," Anthony Leigh said very sternly.

"Mr. Philip Lyster was no relative of mine."

"Such being the case, I suppose you have no objection to the funds for his interment being provided by his parish?" Mr. Nesbitt inquired, again yielding to his disgust. He rose as he spoke, and took up his hat.

"There are some small bills, too, which it will be hard on the creditors to lose—which I am not, unfortunately, in a position to pay myself." He made a move towards the door.

"Wait!"

The word fell sharply and sternly from Anthony Leigh's rigid mouth.

He had opened a desk, and was taking something out of it—a roll of notes, which he placed in Mr. Nesbitt's hand.

"See if you have sufficient there."

"Far more than sufficient," answered the astonished clergyman, mechanically glancing at the amount.

"You must take half these back, Mr. Leigh."

But the other thrust away his hand impatiently.

"Keep them—they are of no use to me—and you have want at every corner where you live.

"But see that—that person is fittingly interred; and—let the name you think he should bear be put upon his coffin."

He paused for a moment, looking dazedly at the desk which he was mechanically closing, then turned again upon his visitor, a hard sudden glitter in his deep-set eyes.

"I am not acting with exceptional discretion certainly," he said, with a strange hollow laugh.

"How do I know that this is not all a conspiracy plot to extort money from me under false pretences?

"How can I tell that Mr. Philip Lyster is not sufficiently alive this moment to be lying in waiting somewhere for his share of the spoil, and very capable of enjoying it?"

"Sir!"

Mr. Nesbitt's pale face was red with indignation, his mild eyes almost flashed.

"How do I know, I say?" his host repeated, with that mocking phantom of a smile upon his lips.

Something in his look, dark with defiant agony—in his voice, hard and bitter and despairing, like the cry of a lost soul—pierced again with pity the humane heart of the man he arraigned.

"Truth speaks for itself," he said gravely.

"But I have credentials, as it happens, also.

"Here is a letter from a charitable lady who often gives me help for my poor parishioners—that will establish my identity; and here are a few lines written by your son on his death-bed, which will convince you that what I have said is, unfortunately too true."

He laid a closed envelope, directed in a characteristic, though feeble hand, upon the table.

Mr. Leigh's eyes wandered towards it as towards a magnet, with a strange unwilling fascination.

Then came slowly away again, and met his guest's.

"Pardon my misconception," he said, with his old chilling courtesy, with a vain struggle after his old cynic smile, "the rudeness of a recluse, who finds boorish habits grow on him in the solitude of his hermitage. Accept my sincere excuses, Mr. Nesbitt, and allow me to offer you some refreshment—wine?—tea?—or, perhaps, you have not dined?"

"Thank you, yes," Mr. Nesbitt returned hurriedly.

"I dined at the Royal George—I can take nothing else, thanks."

He had a curious feeling on him that meat or drink taken in this man's society would choke or poison him.

He made haste to get away, out of this stifling atmosphere of long-nursed bitterness and hideous unbelief.

Mr. Leigh attended his visitor to the door with ceremonious punctilio, and commended him to the care of Roberts, who was bringing his master's cup of tea from the drawing-room, whither the ladies had retired.

He took the cup mechanically from the man's hand, and went back with it into the library.

He was alone again.

Alone with his memory, the sorrow's crown of sorrow, with that letter from the dead, with the hope he had nursed so long now a corpse also.

For he had hoped against hope, secretly, in his inmost soul—that dream of his son's returning, a repentant prodigal, to the home of his youth, had been the father's one illusion, cherished to the last.

He had loved his son, not so much as his pride, but in spite of it—loved him perhaps the more for that stubborn spirit in the younger man which crossed and wrestled with his own—and now his son was dead—and his hope.

And that man had said he had died in want—almost from want.

He lied!

The boy would have come to his father had he been in such a sore strait!

A sort of blank came here in the miserable man's thoughts, which bewildered him so with their rush and hurry as to seem, for the moment, but a dazzling indistinguishable mosaic.

He lost consciousness of them, as it were, even while they whirled and eddied in rapid flight about his brain, and sat motionless, gazing with wild dazed eyes at the envelope before him, addressed in that familiar, yet so altered hand.

Slowly he stretched his arm forth, and took it up, and opened it.

The weight of ten years of mercy seemed to have fallen on his head when he laid the letter down.

The healthy color had faded from his dark face, the old lines in it seemed graved into deep furrows, the very cheeks had sunken, giving an unnatural prominence to the strong mouth and deep-set gleaming eyes.

It was as if the whole inward suffering of the man's life, ameliorated by hope and concealed by pride, were now suddenly made visible when the anodyne was withdrawn, and the screen let drop away.

"Dead!" he said aloud, with a ghastly movement of his mouth, seemingly intended for his habitual peculiar smile. "Gone out of my reach for ever—past pardon, past pain!

"The bubble has burst with me again—and I can never blow another!

"Sixty-three years of life, and what to show for it?

"Miserable delusion, more miserable awaking from it, knowledge, bitterest of all—the wisdom of folly first, the folly of wisdom after—for three-and-sixty years! And now—not even froth in the glass—only dregs!

"I have nothing left to live for—why should I live?"

Something of the old look of will and power came back into his hueless face as he rose and bent again over the desk.

This time he took from it only a sealed paper, containing a small quantity of brownish-looking powder.

He paused for a few moments, holding the packet in his hand, then deliberately emptied its contents into the cup standing still untasted on the table.

He crumpled up the paper and tossed it upon the fire.

Into the flame as it rose, after a moment's hesitation, he thrust the letter which had come to him from his son, and watched it burn with a sort of reluctant satisfaction. He saw the last spark die out, the last black corner curl up, and drop to ashes, then went back to the table, sat down, and began to write.

* * * * * * *

They had sat up late in the drawing-room—the two girls, at least.

Mrs. Baldwin, who usually regulated the hour for retiring, had early slipped away; and Celia, busy with the last volume of her novel, had not noticed the flight of time. Austine had a book in her lap also, but she was not reading it; she was leaning forward in a low chair, her elbows on her knees, her chin in her hand, gazing dreamily into the cavernous fire which glowed redly still as it sank lower and lower. The ruddy light shone upward, catching at the the soft curls about her forehead and bringing out all their hidden brightness, gleaming on her face, over which strangely varying expressions rapidly came and went.

Frown and smiles, tears and blushes, painful brooding, and musing joy—the fire shone on all on the beautiful wistful face and the Titian glory round the drooping head.

It was lifted with a start, as Celia closed her third volume noisily, and the clock on the mantelpiece struck the half-hour past eleven.

"How shockingly late!" Miss Malet cried indulging in a delicate little yawn.

"Why did you let me keep you up like this, you poor dear Austine? It's too bad!"

"I don't mind," her cousin said quietly. "But we will go now, if you like, Celia."

"Of course I like! Why, I've lost all my beauty-sleep already!"

"Here is your candle then."

The house lay in darkness and silence as the two girls went through it.

From under the closed door of the library stole one narrow streak of light which gleamed with a curious brilliancy down the blackness of the corridor.

"I declare uncle is up still!" Celia said, with considerable liveliness.

"I think I'll peep in and bid him good night. Will you come, Austine?"

"No."

Miss Leigh gave her answer with a rather scornful decision.

She had no notion of intruding where she was not wanted, she said to herself, and marched resolutely upstairs, the glimmer of the candle she carried making the shadows of the balusters describe strange curves upon the panelled walls as the light went winding upward.

Miss Malet tripped airily down the corridor, and tapped at the library door.

There was no response.

She may have imagined there was one, for she opened the door noiselessly and went in.

She stayed but a few minutes in the room.

When she came out, her mignonne round face looked paler than usual, or else the candle was to blame for throwing so ghastly a light on it, kindling so strange a gleam in her great green-gray eyes, and curving her rosy lips into the semblance of a smile—a smile not good to see.

She closed the door perfectly and carefully, then sped lightly up the stairs, her candle held in her right hand, her left closed firmly upon something secreted in the foldings of her gown.

Swish, swish!

What a ghostly rustle the silken train seemed to make behind her!

How suddenly the wind had gone down, and what an awful stillness possessed the house!

And how strangely the old boards creaked under her airy footfall!

CHAPTER VII.

A MESSAGE from Thorneymede, sir," Mr. Fletcher's servant announced at the dining-room door, on the morning after Mr. Nesbitt's visit to the Manor. "The groom's waiting to speak to you outside."

"Dear me, what's it all about, at this hour of the morning?" the lawyer grumbled good-humoredly, rising from his chair.

The groom had got down from the dog-cart, which remained outside, in charge of a ragged street boy, and was waiting anxiously in the hall.

"Sorry to bring you bad news, sir," he said, touching his hat; "but we're in a terrible way at Thorneymede 'long o' master."

"You don't mean to say he's ill?" cried Mr. Fletcher, alarmed.

"I mean to say he's dead, sir! Found in his chair this mornin', cold and stiff."

"Dear me, this is terrible!" his auditor murmured, half involuntarily sitting down on one of the hall chairs, and wiping his bald forehead, on which a sudden cold dew had broken out.

"Terrible, terrible. Died suddenly! Dear, dear me!"

"Summat wrong wi' the heart, Mrs. Baldwin thinks," the man continued, nibbling thoughtfully at a straw, and observing with a sort of dismal enjoyment, the effect of his ill news.

"But Mrs. Roberts said appleplexy."

"Apoplexy! Stuff and nonsense!" the lawyer cried, rousing himself.

"Why, the man was as lean as a greyhound and as temperate as a Brahmin! This is a sad business; but we can't waste time in lamenting it.

"Drive direct to Doctor Fielding's, and ask him to come back with you at once, and call for me here as you return."

* * * * * *

Doctor Fielding looked very grave.

He sniffed the air of the room as he entered it.

It looked a ghastly place enough, half left in the darkness, half lighted by one unshuttered window, which threw a cold and dismal ray on the distant figure stiffly seated in the chair.

He stepped to the side of the motionless form, and smelt at the dead man's mouth.

"This is a bad business," he said, lifting himself up with a solemn startled face. "The man hasn't died from natural causes at all, but from poison—opium."

"You—you think he's put an end to himself?" stammered the horrified lawyer.

"I don't say whether he has or not," the doctor answered cautiously.

"I only affirm that he has died from the effects of some strong narcotic, probably opium.

"He may have been in the habit of taking it, and accidentally given himself an overdose, or it may have been administered to him."

"No, no, not that!" Mr. Fletcher declared in a hurried quaking voice.

"He was a—an infidel, you know, and had no—no horror, in fact, of this sort of thing.

"I'm afraid, from certain things he's said that—that he's been meditating this for some time."

"You think so? Umph! It would simplify matters if the view of the case could be brought forward.

"Meanwhile, it's our business to look about us.

"This, for instance, I must take with me for analysis," Doctor Fielding said, pouncing on the little Dresden cup which still stood upon table.

"I think, Fletcher, it wouldn't be amiss to send a servant at once to give notice to the Coroner.

"The sooner the inquest's over, the better."

The inquest took place that afternoon. It was held in the library, from which that ghastly presence had been removed, and to which the jurors returned after reviewing the body.

The first witness called was Doctor Fielding, who deposed as to the cause of death.

The next examined were a housemaid who, going about her morning's work, had found her master sitting dead in his study chair, and Roberts, whom her cry of horror had summoned to her aid. Then came Augustine's turn.

She gave such evidence as she had to give in a monotonous clear voice, without fear or trembling.

A sort of startled look, fixed and painful,

in her violet eyes, a convulsive quiver passing now and then over her still white face, were the only signs of emotion visible in her.

She sat with her hands clasped tightly in the lap of her dark-blue gown—the same she had worn yesterday.

She had not thought of changing her dress, though Celia had.

It was not much Augustine could tell.

Was she aware of any private cause, any trouble which might unhinge her father's mind?

No, she was not aware of any.

But such might have existed without her knowledge—her father did not confide in her, she said, with that piteous involuntary quivering of the muscles round the sensitive mouth.

The Coroner begged to be excused—but would wish to know if she and her father had been on good terms?

No—the answer came low, but clear—she could not say they had.

Was the dispute recent?

Oh, no; and it had not been a quarrel, but simply—a coolness!

Ah!

Had she happened to see the card of the gentleman who called on her father last night?

No.

Or her father afterwards?

No.

Her cousin had asked her to go in and bid him good night; but she did not like to disturb him—he disliked being disturbed.

One question more—Miss Leigh was not aware of the existence of any medicine-chest, or other store, which might place opium or laudanum within immediate reach of Mr. Leigh?

No—with a sudden fluctuation of color in her pale face—she knew of no such store.

The Coroner thanked Miss Leigh, and made some notes in a little black book whilst waiting for Miss Malet to take her place as the next witness.

Celia had a dainty little handkerchief in her hand, and pressed it stealthily to her eyes at times.

She had on a black cashmere gown, simply, but exquisitely made, over which her small blonde head and delicately-tinted face rose with a charming fairness.

She looked up at the Coroner now and then, with timid pleading glances, with soft deprecating wistful eyes, appealing to his help, his pity, his patience—very tenderly indeed did he feel himself constrained to handle this delicate sensitive creature!

Celia had gone in to bid her dear uncle good night, having seen, by the light under the door, that he was still up.

She found him asleep in his chair—the little handkerchief came hurriedly into requisition here—she thought it a natural sleep.

She supposed now it was the result of opium.

She only lingered a moment to see if he would waken, and then went quietly away again.

Noticed nothing unusual about the room, except a small heap of paper ashes on the fire—no box or bottle which could have contained a narcotic.

Never knew her dear uncle to make use of such a thing.

I was not aware of any being in the house except——

Miss Malet stopped suddenly, with a frightened look, and the Coroner begged her gently to proceed.

What was the exception?

Celia was confused, and hung her pretty head, and fidgeted with her little handkerchief.

It was nothing—at least, it was only that she had had some laudanum once—for a toothache.

The Coroner waxed interested. And what became of the laudanum?

Had she used it all?

No-o.

Then did she know what became of it? Yes—no—she wasn't sure.

She had given it—a pause—the Coroner eager, the jury interested, Celia busy, in her pretty childish fashion, with her handkerchief, stealing imploring glances at her questioner, deprecating further inquiry—of course, in vain. Whom did she give it to?

She must tell him, please. To—Austine [illegible] because the poor darling was nervous, and couldn't sleep.

Ah! And Miss Leigh used the laudanum for that purpose?

Celia supposed so, of course!—opening her great eyes in innocent astonishment—what else should she use it for?

And when was this?

It was two nights ago.

Ah!

Was there any possibility of Mr. Leigh's being able to get at that laudanum?

Celia shook her head.

Did she know the cause of his dispute with her cousin?

Oh, please—with the prettiest pleading—he mustn't ask her such questions!

She could not tell—she was not quite sure if she knew, indeed—Austine had never told her.

But there was a dispute?

Celia's fair head drooped again.

She was afraid there had been—a coolness.

The Coroner was very much obliged to her, and she could go.

Would she kindly ask Miss Leigh to return for a moment?

"And, meanwhile, Mr. Bayliss, will you take my evidence?" Mr. Fletcher hurriedly put in. "It will economise time."

Mr. Fletcher's evidence was not much; but it was made the most of, and helped to neutralise the impression left by the previous witness, since it pointed clearly enough to a morbid condition of mind in the deceased.

That visitor too, whose card and message Mr. Leigh must have destroyed, since no trace could be found of it, and whose name unfortunately Roberts could not recall—it was not improbable that he had been the bearer of ill tidings.

The lawyer had just pointed this out when Augustine came back, and he hastened to offer her a chair.

"Sit down my dear child," he said kindly. "Mr. Bayliss won't keep you very long."

Somehow, looking at her fearless grave young face, the Coroner did not find that ugly suspicion so naturally tenable, nor the words come so readily wherewith to question her.

"Ahem!" he said, clearing his throat hastily. "I find, Miss Leigh, that there has been laudanum in this house, and in—ahem!—your possession. Would you kindly tell me if you have it still?"

A sudden tinge of red warmed the girl's pale cheeks, and she glanced, once, with a sort of half appeal, at the old lawyer's kindly face above her.

"Must I tell?" she asked, in a short, sharp whisper.

"Yes, my dear, out with it—even if it was foolish. Mr. Bayliss won't mind," he promised, more tenderly than truthfully.

Augustine gave him a grateful glance, then set her sad young face resolutely towards the Coroner.

"Something happened that day which troubled me very much," she said, an unconscious pathos in the tones of her sweet full voice "I was afraid it would prevent my sleeping, and I borrowed the laudanum from Celia to make sure of a few hours' rest.

"I took it that night, and"—she paused a moment, coloring hotly—"I was afraid I might be tempted to do it again—so I poured it out of my window the next morning.

"That is the truth, and the whole truth, concerning it.

"I never left it about—indeed, I only had it in my possession for one night—and there was no possibility of any one getting at it."

"Ahem! The trouble was of a strictly private nature, Miss Leigh? Had it any relation to your father?"

"No direct relation," she answered steadfastly, after a moment's pause.

"Thank you; that will do." And, for the second time, Augustine left the room.

Little other evidence was forthcoming.

Mrs. Baldwin proved that the cup of tea poured out by Miss Leigh for her father was, in all respects, the same as that drunk by the ladies in the drawing-room.

Roberts, recalled. Deposed to having given it straight into his master's hand, and having observed an unusual paleness and look of disturbance about him.

After nearly an hour's wrangling, the jury announced the verdict they had found—"Died from the effects of a narcotic poison, but by whom administered there is no evidence to show."

CHAPTER VIII.

A WHISPER!

How first set abroad, no one knew; on what foundation every one knew; rolling like a snowball, and gathering volume as it rolled.

Probably the jury were to blame for it; and the domestic gossip which drags the most secret of our doings and sayings and sufferings to the light, which could scarcely let pass the circumstances of Raymond Palliser's grief wooing, its sudden termination, and Augustine's pale, proud, miserable looks.

Whence the rumor emanated was a secret, itself was none—the public tongue busied itself openly enough during the surmise that from the daughter's hand came the father's death.

Nobody had known much about Anthony Leigh, and nobody liked what they did know; a general impression was abroad that she was "druv to it"; people repeated with appreciation that the servants at Thorneymede told of their young mistress's warm temper and warmer heart, her frank tongue and open hand; but they observed, with grave head-shakings, that she was the only person who could have had a motive for he wasn't the man to make away with himself—and bemoaned "the pity of it"—and passed the whisper on.

It reached the red house in the High Street, where Mr. Fletcher pooh-poohed it angrily, and his wife rebutted it with indignant tears; it crept out to Thorneymede and found lodging in the basement, whence Mrs. Roberts brought it fretfully to Mrs. Baldwin's ear, and a tattling housemaid to Miss Malet's; it stole on to Wyfford, rousing un-Christian rage in Geoff, piercing his honest heart with pangs of sympathetic pain and pity.

It roused him also to do something he had never yet dared to do—to order his dog-cart and his mare, Brunette, and drive over to Thorneymede.

Anthony Leigh had been dead a fortnight now, and he thought he might venture to call.

The great door of the Manor, so chary of its welcome before, unclosed readily enough now, and Geoff found himself in the long drawing-room before he had formed a single speech of apology for his intrusion.

Only Miss Malet however rose to confront him—gentle little Celia, as pretty as ever and more plaintive, charming little Celia, in her perfectly-fitting mourning-robes, with a cascade of jet, glittering like a frosty midnight, round her little neck, and bracelets of jet upon her slender wrists.

She gave Geoff a small white hand to be swallowed up by his big brown one, whisked out a little handkerchief, and pressed it to her eyes.

"Don't do that!" said Geoff uncomfortably.

"I won't then," she murmured, with a piteous little smile. "But—but so much has happened since, Mr. Bisset, and poor uncle, who was so good to me!"

She turned away her head.

Geoff, distinctly miserable at sight of her emotion, attempted some half-coherent speech of comfort.

"I ca-an't help—it," Celia sobbed out; "I feel so lost without him! He gave me a home; I have—none—now!"

"Don't say that," Mr. Bisset begged.

"You have—your cousin"—Geoff turned red as he spoke the word—"who will let you feel the loss, be sure."

Celia sighed, pressed the bit of embroidered cambric to her eyes again, then put it resolutely away.

"Troubles never come singly, Mr. Bisset," she said, in a melancholy little voice, looking sadly into the fire.

"I hope they may in this case," he said kindly.

But Celia shook her little fair head.

"It's past hoping," she said, "Oh, Mr. Bisset, I feel I must speak to you; I know I can trust you!"

"Indeed you may," Geoff answered gently as she paused.

"A dreadful—dreadful—report—has got about," she half-whispered, fixing her large eyes with tragic meaning upon his. "A wicked—cruel—— Oh, you have heard it?"

"I have heard it—yes," he replied, getting up in renewed anger, and beginning to walk around the room.

His face had grown pale again, and looked almost stern in its hardly-repressed indignation

It scarcely seemed the same face, sweet-tempered, frank, which the every-day world saw; Celia gazed at it, wondered, admired, and coveted keenly too.

"But surely—surely you don't——"

She faltered, stopped, and brought the handkerchief into requisition again.

Geoff paused in his walk and looked at her, almost with a smile.

His big heart was swelling with the sweetest sense of championship and service; the love was worth suffering for, he felt, which could bring such moments as this.

"I don't believe it," he said, looking at her with that transfiguration in his face. "Have you known me so long, and need to ask me that question? I scorn the vile slander so much that my only trouble concerning it is lest it should reach her ears. I would never believe it!"

"Because you are kind and good," said little Celia softly. "But every one is not like you, Mr. Bisset, and poor darling Austine unfortunately gave some grounds for their dreadful suspicions. That horrid laudanum—the jurors made such a fuss about it!"

"The wretched idiots!" Geoff cried fiercely. "How I should like to kick the lot of them! I'd give all I own to have the right to do it!"

He was striding about, his hands in his pockets, his grey eyes lighted up; Celia watched him wistfully.

"Yes," she breathed, in a soft little voice, like a sigh.

Geoff stopped kicking at a ball of wool which has dropped from Mrs. Baldwin's knitting on to the floor, and stooped to pick it up.

Perhaps it was the exertion which flushed his sunburnt face so hotly.

"My secret is no secret by this time, I suppose," he said shamefacedly, with an attempt at a smile. "You knew it long ago, I'm sure, Miss Malet? Well, I say, with the Turks, *Kismet!* I couldn't help loving her, and she couldn't help loving me."

"I'm so sorry for you!" said Celia, soft sympathy in the great green-gray eyes she turned up to him shining in the firelight.

"Don't be sorry for me then!" returned Geoff, with a strange broken laugh. "I don't pity myself—now. I've come to see that love can live without hope, Miss Malet, and that, if it's not happiness, it's something nigh it to have such a woman as Augustine Leigh to care for all one life."

"Though she doesn't care for you!" Celia said, with an odd little tremble in her voice.

"Though she doesn't care for me," Geoff echoed, with another wretched attempt at laughter. "Why should she? What am I to care for?" He began to walk stormily up and down again; then stopped and seized his hat. "I'd better go, I think," he said hurriedly. "I only called to enquire, you know, and——"

"Oh, please don't go! Let me ring for tea!" Miss Malet cried in a little flutter. "I can't think what's keeping Austine!"

"I am here," Miss Leigh's full thrilling voice responded, coming in at a side-door. "How do you do, Mr. Bisset?"

She came swiftly up the room, a tall graceful figure in her sweeping sombre gown, and gave her hand to Geoff, looking up at him with eyes that shone like stars out of a face which was strangely pale.

* * * * * *

"Have I grown horns, Austine?"

"Not that I can see, Celia."

"Then"—with a pretty little laugh—"why do you look at me so?"

"Because you puzzle me," Augustine said, turning away, with a sigh.

"Me? How?"

"You keep your own secrets well, Celia, and other people's so badly," her cousin answered gravely.

"I don't understand!"

"I think you do," Augustine said more gravely still; and with that she left the room.

"She has heard something," Celia told herself, with a little fright; and she too glided away, leaving Mrs. Baldwin asleep in her easy-chair.

She tripped up to her own room, which adjoined Augustine's, and stood a few moments looking out—looking up the drive by which Geoff had driven away not twenty minutes before.

"That's hopeless," she said thoughtfully. "And it never looked more tempting than it did to-day."

"Fate is hard," cried the little woman, with real tears in her eyes, "for I could have liked him—dearly! And she takes him from me too! No matter; I'll have the other in spite of her. I'm not without a second string to my bow!" She turned from the window, outside which the twilight was gathering, lighted the candles on her writing-table, locked her door and unlocked her desk.

From some secret recess in this she took a roll of paper and a letter, which she spread open before her, looking at it with a wicked little smile.

"She would give half her fortune for that," she muttered; "but she sha'n't have it till it has served my turn!"

And she drew pen and paper towards her and began to write.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Scientific and Useful.

WARTS.—A writer in one of the medical journals says he has found the application of a strong solution of chromic acid three or four times a day, by means of a camel's-hair pencil, to be the best and easiest method for removing warts.

LEATHER WHEELS.—Leather wheels are made in France for railroad and other cars. Untanned Buffalo hides are cut into strips, and these are built up into solid discs, which are strongly held together by two iron rings after they have been subjected to hydraulic pressure.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—Recently some valuable experiments in photographing the larynx and soft palate at the instant of singing have been made. A powerful electric light was thrown into the throat, the subject then sang a note, and the actual position of the vocal ligaments, uvula, etc., was photographed instantaneously.

SOLAR HEAT.—A company has recently been incorporated in Paris with a capital of $300,000, for the purpose of utilizing solar heat. The invention which they propose to develop consists of a huge reflector, shaped like an inverted umbrella, lined with a huge reflecting agent. In the centre is placed a standing boiler, made of heat-conducting material of the highest power, which receives reflected rays from all points sufficiently powerful to generate steam.

Farm and Garden.

PLANTS.—A safe rule for plants of any kind is to allow a gallon of water to every ounce of tobacco. Procure the strongest shag, and make an infusion by pouring upon it boiling water.

DAMPNESS.—Dampness and dew are fatal to young turkeys. Therefore they should be kept in coops until the dew is off the grass. A great many young turkeys die from this cause while breeders wrongly ascribe their death to improper food.

NEW FOOD FOR CATTLE.—This is a novel idea, yet we read that the use of blood as a food for cattle has been recently the subject of experiment in Denmark by a chemist, who, as a result, has now invented and patented a new kind of cake, in which blood forms one of the chief ingredients. The advocates for this food claim that it is both nutritious and wholesome and is readily eaten by all sorts of animals.

VENTILATE THE STABLES.—Warm stables for live stock do not necessarily mean that animals shall be boxed up so tight that the supply of fresh air is cut off from without, and that there can be no escape of the air vitiated and laden with the exhalations from the droppings and breath of animals. Pure air is essential to health, whether in mankind or animals. The arrangement of windows or ventilators should be such as to admit the pure and let out the foul air. It is true that many stables are so open to the weather that there is no danger from this source. But in newly-built stables, especially in basements where large numbers of animals are stabled, the danger of lung disease from too close confinement is by no means small.

CHOICE ROSES.—Those who have choice roses often desire a few extra ones, either to bestow upon friends, or to use in enlarging their flower garden. In order to secure good strong plants, it is only necessary to select ripe shoots, well branched near the ground (prefering those limbs that if cut off would make a nice bushy plant) and with a sharp knife, hack or notch the under side so that when bent it comes in contact with the soil. These notches should be five in number, through to the heart or pith. Now bend the limb down, and with the knife slit the limbs one and a half inches up towards the end of the top, just below the notches, and be careful not to break the limb; cover two inches in the sandy soil, and lay a brick or stone over it to keep it down. Keep the soil moist and by spring the roots will have formed often four and five inches long, when it can be removed. The most difficult roses root easily this way.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 8, 1884.

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OCCUPATION AND INDUSTRY.

What a glorious thing is occupation for the human heart! Those who work hard, seldom yield to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving into a funeral pall the dim shadows that a little exertion might sweep away, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master.

When troubles flow upon you dark and heavy, toil not with waves, and wrestle not with the torrent; rather seek by occupation to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you, with a thousand channels which the duties of life always present.

Before you dream of it, these waters will fertilize the present and give birth to fresh flowers, that will become pure and holy in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty in spite of every obstacle.

Grief, after all, is but a selfish feeling, and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any passion which brings no joy to his fellow men.

But it is not alone of occupation of the body we would speak, but also that of the mind. "Be not overcome with evil, but overcome evil with good." Aim at that which is good, cleave to that which is good; occupy your time with that which is good, fill your thoughts with that which is good, and the assaults of evil will have lost half their power.

An earnest employment, a steady purpose in life, a diligent use of time—these are an irresistible panoply against vice, these strike out of the devil's hands his worst implements of temptation.

You will remember that terrible touch in one of the Lord's sternest parables, about the evil spirit returning to the house whence he came out, and finding it "empty, swept and garnished;" then goeth he and taketh to himself seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there, and the last state of the man is worse than the first.

What does that "empty, swept and garnished" mean? It means that if your heart is not pre-occupied with good, it will be invaded by evil.

Oh, beware of idleness in its every form—idle procrastinations, idle talk, idle habits, idle thoughts—these are certain ruin of the soul. The laborer who stands idle in the market place is ever ready to be hired in the devil's service. The worm of sin gnaws deepest into the idle heart. Pre-occupy your time with honest industry, and you are safe.

Whatever things are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, of good report, if there be any virtue, any praise, think on these things. Evil can as little encroach on the domain of good as darkness can force its way into the circle of radiance which a lamp flings out into the night.

SANCTUM CHAT.

CREMATION is to be tried in France, permission having been given by the Prefect of Police to burn the remains of hospital subjects, provided a satisfactory apparatus be constructed in one of the Paris cemeteries.

—

AN Italian professor at the university in Paris has been compiling some statistics relative to the comparative mortality of European armies. The result, so far as the professor's own country is concerned, is alarming. He finds that of every 10,000 men 57 die annually in the German army, 84 in the English, 92 in the French, 112 in the Austrian, and 116 in the Italian.

—

FOURIER once wrote that medical science would one day "endeavor to overcome the sufferings of patients by amusing their minds. Hospitals will be filled with flowers and music, and plays will be performed in them." This strange prescription seems to have been favored by the doctors of the Hospital St. Louis, in Paris, recently, for the Parisian papers of late dates contain an account of the performance of a comic opera, written, composed and sung by the young surgeons attached to the establishment, for the amusement of the patients.

—

A MOVEMENT is on foot among the Christian women of Chicago to establish an institution which shall provide for street boys small, neatly-furnished sleeping-rooms. A few necessary garments will be loaned to complete wardrobes, and washing and baths will be furnished. The conditions for granting these favors are the abandonment of street-life and employment at some respectable in-door work. The boys must abstain from drinking, the use of tobacco, gambling, theatre-going, stealing, lying, profanity, quarreling and fighting. There will be no force used to secure obedience, but only rewards. In proportion as a boy violates the rules, the favors will be withdrawn from him.

—

FOR some time past an elevator run by electricity has been in operation in New York. The power is derived from a building two blocks away, and is carried by wire over the housetops; the motor is a small one about four feet long, two feet wide, and two feet high, geared to the shafting of the elevator. A switch upon the ground floor sets it going in a second, and the elevator can be used for any purpose, being controlled by a wire rope, which shifts the belting. The work done consists in hoisting leather up and down to any of the six stories of the building, loads of 2,000 pounds not being uncommon. When the elevator is not in use, the power is turned off at the switch, and all the machinery is silent. The motor requires no attention, except to see every morning that the brushes are properly adjusted and the oil-cups full.

—

AN anti-canine measure has been introduced in the General Court of Massachusetts by somebody acting in the interests of the Berkshire sheep-raisers. It proposes that, in addition to paying the license fee, every owner of a dog should be required to furnish an indemnity bond of $500. The Committee on Agriculture, to whom the bill was referred, hired a hall, and announced a public hearing. The hall proved too small to hold all who came to protest against the adoption of the bill. Statesmen who ventured to speak in favor of the measure were violently hissed. Many women came to the hall, bringing their canine pets, and one of them, says an account of the hearing, "walked up to the table, shook her two-pound poodle under the noses of the committeemen, and shrieked, 'Do you think my dog would kill sheep?'" It is not believed that the committee will report the bill back in any form.

—

A MAN'S memory is like his stomach. To do its best work it must have good treatment. It must neither be neglected nor overloaded. It can easily be so abused by neglect, or by irregular and unsystematic employment, as to become chiefly a source of annoyance and discomfort; or, again, it can be so overworked, and heavily taxed that it becomes practically the chief organ or agent of the entire system, every other portion dwindling in its comparison. The latter course is the great danger of those who value the help of a tenacious memory. Both memory and stomach are valuable, not in proportion to the burdens they carry, but in proportion to their training for their part in the work of the system as a whole, and either of them is made effective as much by what is kept from it as by what is put in.

—

SERIOUS differences have arisen among the Jews of this country as to their ancient faith, which seems in danger of being superseded by modern notions. This state of things is attributed largely to a clergyman of Cincinnati, who is one of the oldest and best known rabbis of the country. He holds that Christians may be received into Judaism by a simple acknowledgement of the binding character of the Ten Commandments; that there is no Biblical prohibition against Jews intermarrying with Christians, or with Mohametans, for that matter; that the rules attending the preparation of animal food for Jews can be abandoned at pleasure, and that as God has not created any unclean animal, Jews may eat anything they please. These expressions have given rise to heated controversy in Hebrew circles.

—

THE number of private detectives at the Astor ball in New York, and also at the recent Vanderbilt ball, clearly proves, says a New York paper, that a private detective is one of the necessary appurtenances of excessive wealth, and is to be found in all well-furnished establishments, along with the footman and butler. "The ostensible object is, of course," says the paper above referred to, "to have the ladies' diamonds looked after, and, as it is the habit of certain New York ladies to put on their diamond necklaces when they go out for a ride in a bobtail car, the utility of it is not questioned. Custom, which regulates all things, has decreed that ladies who only carry from ten to twenty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds on their person shall not indulge in more than one detective. But those who carry gems worth over a hundred thousand dollars are entitled to two. By this ingenious arrangement we shall be hereafter able to estimate a lady's wealth in personal adornments by counting her retinue of 'shadows.' The plan is simple and convenient, but if fortunes continue to increase at their present rapid rate, and diamonds to multiply, the coming American dowager will look like the leader of a battalion whenever she takes walks abroad."

—

SAYS a well-known writer: Flesh is materialized philosophy. Fat men are nearly always philosophers. Dickens challenged the world to point out a mob of fat men. I never saw a mob of fat men. I never saw a fat man hung. Once in Kentucky a fat man was sentenced to be hanged, but when an appeal to the Supreme Court was taken, the judges, who were all too fleshy to pull on a boot comfortably, told the condemned man that he was too fat to be hung with any degree of pleasure, and consequently gave him a palm-leaf fan and sent him to the penitentiary to await a pardon, which was not long in coming. It was afterwards proved that the fat man was innocent. History shows that all the philosophers were fat—that is, history proves that some of them were fat, and that others should have been. Don't understand me to say that great flesh is to be desired. Flesh is more essential to society than it is to salvation, and we know that the scriptures inform us that flesh and blood cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. I do say, though, that flesh is conducive to philosophy, for none but the philosopher can enjoy an excess of adipose tissue.

—

A SYSTEM of instruction for working people has been organized with great success in Copenhagen. At a public meeting held in autumn, the number of workingmen desirous of attending the classes were found to be upward of 3,000. There are at present upward of 136 classes, with 133 teachers, dispersed over the town in seventeen different houses. There are fifteen classes of women, comprising two hundred students, for the most part under female teachers. The women are taught hygiene and chemistry of housekeeping, besides the elementary sciences and languages. Some male pupils have asked for instructions in book-keeping and the elements of law; others, for help toward their own special employment. The painters wish to get information about the chemistry of colors, the blacksmiths about metallurgy. Men who work by night have been formed into classes; the bakers get their instructions early in the evening; and the men at the gas-works, who work by day and night in turn, get their instruction during one month with the rest of the students in the evening, and during the next month have special classes in the daytime.

—

BRAZEN as the male street flirt appears, he will not often speak to a woman who offers him no encouragement. It would be poor sort of fun for him to invite attention all day long if his invitation met with no response. It is manifest that the girls are to blame for his presence upon the streets. Let them lay aside their dashing boldness of manner which they often foolishly imagine denotes independence, but which is dangerous as it is unseemly. Such a demeanor provokes remarks from men and women which would make the ears of the average maiden tingle with indignation could she but hear them. There is no doubt that many girls are lacking in that modesty which would entitle them to consideration. With these the street flirtation, frequently resulting in acquaintance, is a great frolic. They may not be guilty of any crime, but they will certainly lose the respect of every one whose respect is worth having, as though they were. This particularly applies to women who have just reached, or passed beyond, the age of 20. What may be readily overlooked in the school girl, will not be forgiven in her sister of maturer years.

LOVE'S GOLDEN LIGHT.

BY W. H. A.

Where the moonlight softly beaming,
Sheds its light upon our way,
There we wandered, fondly dreaming,
Whispering all our hearts would say.
In its silvery brightness, Night
Could not on us, Love, descend;
And its sweet reflected light
Shall be with us to the end.

Yes, my darling one, and dearest,
Love still beams within our hearts,
And its star is brightest, clearest,
As the light of life departs.
In its golden brightness, Night
Cannot on our hearts descend,
And its sweet, reflected light
Shall be with us to the end.

At Midnight.

BY WILSON BENNOR.

THE waiters watched his slightest movement, and attended to his wants in a manner seldom witnessed.

Was he not the richest American, or, at any rate, the most liberal, who had taken up his abode at the Langham this year?

There is some pleasure in waiting on a gentleman who tips half-a-sovereign as freely as an Englishman does a shilling!

Mr. Jonathan Lee was evidently a millionaire, and a man who understood how to enjoy himself.

His wife was a thin, overdressed woman of forty, whose face had once been pretty, but that was long ago; and whose aim in life, being childless, was the acquisition of new clothes and jewelry.

She never tired of changing her dresses, and was rarely seen wearing one a second time in public.

Mr. Lee had a passion for sending telegrams.

He seldom wrote a letter, but bombarded his friends with messages on matters of no importance—always, to do him justice, prepaying a reply.

One day—it was one of our horrid days, and an east wind was blowing—Mrs. Lee observed: "I can't see the use of paying a shilling for a telegram nobody cares to get."

"And what's the use of giving forty guineas for a dress that nobody cares to see?" retorted Mr. Lee; which caused his wife to flounce the one she was then wearing into the nearest chair, where she devoted her attention to the last fashion-book.

But one day there came a telegram which had crossed the Atlantic, and the news it contained, whether it were good or bad, caused Mr. Jonathan Lee to take an affectionate leave of his wife, previous to starting on a short journey.

The wording of the message was this:

"English gent has got the papers."

* * * * * *

Amongst the woods and hills of Surrey stands a fine old stone mansion belonging to Sir Andrew Gordon.

In the library of the house the members of the family were assembled one evening, and the family consisted of the old baronet and his son Archibald, an antiquated aunt of the latter Miss Dorothy Gordon, and Constance Gwyn, Sir Andrew's ward, a beautiful girl of nearly eighteen.

"There will be a storm to-night. Hark how the wind is rising!" said Miss Dorothy, with a shiver. "It's a mercy your travels are over, Andrew!"

"Yes," said the old man, holding his hands to the fire; "I am better pleased with the safety of my own stone walls than the best mail steamer that ever crossed the Atlantic.

"But now I'll ring for lights; and, Archie my boy, come over and try to understand some of the mysteries contained in these yellow papers."

Archie, a handsome, fair-haired fellow of twenty-three, had been resting at full length—and that was over six feet—on a comfortable sofa, watching lazily the charming figure of his father's ward, who persistently looked every way but his.

"I'll come; but I don't suppose I shall make anything out of them, he answered, rising slowly.

"My boy, it is most important—quite a fortune for you! Your poor mother never knew of it," were the words Constance heard as she sat idly in her low chair near the fire. "The papers are worth two thousand a year! That rascal who has kept them back would give something to know where they are now!" chuckled the old baronet, as he spread out the crackling letters and a large sheet of parchment on a table, the butler meanwhile arranging a reading-lamp to suit his master in so leisurely a manner as to call forth an impatient exclamation of "That will do! that will do!"

Simmons respectfully took the hint, and now busied himself with the heavy curtains, having noiselessly closed the shutters.

"There is a shocking draught," murmured Miss Dorothy. "Don't you feel it, Constance?"

"Not a bit," replied Constance, laughing as she rose to get her work-basket; "but the wind will get in such a night like this."

Simmons retired and Archie observed:

"I'm awfully glad that fellow is leaving—he walks like a cat!"

"Indeed," cried Miss Dorothy, querulously. "I think your father does wrong to part with him; we have never had so quiet a servant."

"Never mind the man—attend to me!" cried Sir Andrew. "You must particularly try to remember this."

Archie, only outwardly listening, was exhibiting some of those provoking symptoms which a lover shows after there has been a cloud in the atmosphere, and the lady has managed to get the best of it.

Constance Gwyn seemed to remember something, and left the room.

When she returned after a quarter of an hour's absence, the butler had entered with a tray of glasses and the requisites for Sir Andrew's "nightcap" of whiskey toddy.

The baronet folded the papers into a neat bundle, and locked them in an old-fashioned cabinet.

"They will be safe here to-night; to-morrow I will take them to the lawyer's," he said, placing the key in his pocket. Then turning towards his ward, he enquired, "How is Gelert, fair lady?"

"I don't think he is well, Sir Andrew. I've just been to see him."

"Constance!" cried Miss Dorothy, scandalized, "have you been out to the dog-kennel at this hour, and on such a night?"

"Yes, Miss Dorothy—and it is much too cold for the poor fellow to be left there."

"Now, my love!" deprecated the old lady, waving one delicate hand in token that her will was law, "never mention the idea of bringing that enormous dog into the house."

The ghost of a pout came into Constance's sweet face.

"There, there," said Sir Andrew merrily, "don't fret, Constance. Gelert shall have a skilled physician to-morrow, if you think him ill. I shouldn't mind his coming into the house, but our tyrant here, you see!" and he shrugged his shoulders.

"Archie," softly whispered the girl, as he lit her candle for her, "will you see Gelert?" and she raised her beautiful grey eyes appealingly to his.

A merry look of triumph passed over his face.

"Yes, if you promise not to play chess with the curate to-morrow!"

"Oh, don't be silly! If you think Gelert is ill, bring him in."

"Ill or well, I'll send him to your room in half an hour, if you'll say good-night civilly," at the same time drawing his fiancee behind a tall screen for a silent embrace, which sent her away blushing.

A bright fire burned in Constance Gwyn's bed-room,

She put on her dressing-gown, and dismissed her maid as soon as the latter had received Gelert from Archie Gordon's hands, and brought him to his mistress.

The dog was only seeking company, and was not ill.

He looked the picture of contentment as he lay at Constance's feet, and she, feeling wakeful, sat quietly reading—though between the page and her eyes came up Archie's face.

The house had long been still, when the clock in the corridor struck one.

Gelert at the moment raised his huge head and listened attentively.

Constance closed her book, and wondered why the dog still kept his intent look; it made her slightly nervous, and she began to listen too.

Certainly there was a sound as of a window in the library, just beneath her own room, being opened.

The wind and rain made so wild a sound that she would have banished the thought of anything but these, had it not been that Gelert half rose to his feet with a low growl.

"Be quiet, Gelert!" she whispered: for she feared he would bark, and so reveal to Miss Dorothy his forbidden presence.

Gelert's only answer was to look earnestly at his mistress, prick his ears again, and walk slowly to the door.

Constance went into the corridor to listen.

The only person near her was nervous Miss Dorothy, whom she dreaded to rouse.

Taking firm hold of Gelert's collar, she softly reached the top of the grand staircase, and a gleam of moonlight, which burst through the stormy clouds, lit up with a weird light the portraits that lined the wall, and then as suddenly faded.

In the darkness Gelert drew his mistress to the staircase, showing increased anxiety to make her understand that there was a cause for his excitement.

Constance leant over the bannister.

The door of the library was partly open and a faint light was in the room.

In a moment a thought of the papers Sir Andrew had just brought from America flashed on Constance: she remembered that they were of importance to Archie, and that someone else would be glad to get them from him.

Whispering a few words to quiet the dog, she crept softly down the broad stone staircase, and paused near the door.

Through the crack she saw that two men stood at the far end near Sir Andrew's cabinet, and it was open.

A strange courage came to the girl.

She knew that if she could cross to the corner by the opposite window, there was a bell there which communicated with the wing where Sir Andrew slept and which would also arouse the servants.

In another moment she had stopped and clasped one arm round the dog's neck, and he seemed to know her wish, for he crawled stealthily beside her into the room.

They had nearly crossed it, when Gelert drew a panting breath, which startled one of the men.

He quickly turned and aimed a pistol at Constance.

In an instant she loosed Gelert and sprang at the bell—heard the peal ring out, a pistol fired, and a dog's furious worrying—then fell unconscious on the floor.

* * * * * *

"How quiet you all are!" and then Constance thought she had not said it—such a faint voice it sounded.

And what bed was this with great green curtains.

Surely Miss Dorothy's!

And the room was dim, so when Miss Dorothy crept to the side of the bed Constance could not see that her face was wet with thankful tears.

"My love you are in my room because I am nursing you."

"Have I been ill?" said the weak voice again.

"Yes, dear, but don't talk." And Miss Dorothy slipped away to come back with the old doctor and Sir Andrew.

The patient's eyes wandered towards the door.

Sir Andrew whispered a few words to the doctor.

"Oh, there's somebody else, is there? Well, he may come in just for a minute."

The "somebody" had been outside, waiting.

"My darling," he whispered, holding the weak little hand.

Constance looked up in his face, trying to remember something.

"Did we quarrel about—chess—or somebody?"

"Oh, that's all right," answered Archie, eagerly. "You checkmated me."

"Well, but who was shot?"

"That will do now, my dear," said the good old doctor, hastily, motioning all but Miss Dorothy away. "If you are a good girl and go to sleep, you shall talk to them all by-and-bye."

In the library Sir Andrew told the following to his son:

"When I was twenty-eight years of age I was still dependant on my uncle, who, though he could not keep the title from me, had the power of alienating the property.

He wished me to marry his daughter, but while staying in Paris I fell in love with a beautiful young American girl who was studying at a school there.

"I knew her twin brother more for her sake than his own, and he witnessed my private marriage with her.

"Within a year my uncle died, and I was about to travel to America with my wife, and acknowledge her publicly there, when you were born, and your dear mother lived but an hour.

"Her brother, Jonathan Lee, saw me in my deep affliction, and urged upon me that he could acquaint all American friends and save me a sorrowful journey.

"A year ago I learned that you were entitled to the half share of some mining property which had been left to Jonathan Lee and his sister, or, in event of their death, to you.

"I went to America obtained the necessary papers, and made good your title to the share in the property, which Lee had been appropriating.

"He is in England; he may have instigated the attempt at robbery by bribing that scoundrel, the butler; but as the latter was shot when Gelert sprang on the man who aimed his pistol at Constance, we will let the matter drop.

"The other hired miscreant escaped, but I think Gelert must have hurt him."

* * * * * * *

Constance is lying on a sofa in the drawing-room, looking very lovely if a little frail.

Archie sat by her side, and Gelert rests his huge head against her hand.

"My darling, the doctor's orders are immediate change of air for you.

"A month ago I begged you to name the day, so now you will promise to agree to a very quiet wedding here a week or two hence, and then I will take you abroad."

No answer, and the girl raised one hand to cover her face, which it could not do.

"Tell her to say 'Yes,' Gelert!" said Archie, laughingly raising the great dog's paws in supplication.

"May Gelert come too?"

"To be sure; and here comes my father to hear the glorious news, and to prevent our good aunt Dorothy fussing about trousseaux!"

* * * * * *

One more telegram reaches Mr. Jonathan Lee, and it convinces him that he will do well to be thankful for mercies received, and to hasten to his native land—there to arrange for the regular disbursement of half his income from the mines, in favor of his young English nephew, whom he would never see or hear of, unless he failed in the above arrangements.

"We start for America to-morrow!" commenced Jonathan Lee to his wife.

"Oh, my! I haven't got half the things I meant to buy in Europe."

"And you never will!" gloomily responded Jonathan.

The False Tresses.

BY ERNEST WARREN.

WELL, there they hang, all in a row, in the hairdresser's window, black and yellow, brown and red, and gray, too.

When I was a lad, only old women had gray hair, and they covered it up with false "fronts," as they called them, and big ruffed caps.

They couldn't have sold gray hair then, bless you.

They couldn't have given it away.

And you say that it brings the highest price now, and that some black their hair, and think it pretty.

Well, well, times change, and women change with them.

But you can't tell me who wore the first switch, can you?

No.

I thought not.

Well, then, I'll tell you.

You may stare at me if you like, but I knew the woman, and she had a reason for it that none of you have—a good, solid reason.

You've read stories about Indians, but you've not seen them, as I have.

You don't know, as I do, how ugly, and ill-tempered, and altogether repulsive, one of their chiefs can get to be in his dotage.

And so you can't quite understand what sort of a creature old Scalpemall was.

He was seventy, and old for that; the color of a walnut, and wrinkled as I never saw white man or Indian wrinkled before or since; but when his old squaw died, he set his heart on the daughter of another old chief, and, of course, he had her; for, mind you, he was considered a wonderful man in his tribe, and what he wanted he must have.

The girl's name was Happyheart.

And just at that time, as I knew well enough, though I was a sort of a stranger, and was only in the settlement buying furs from the hunters, she had another notion in her mind.

There was a handsome young fellow of the tribe that we'll call Lightfoot, who had shown her his liking, and she liked him as well.

I suppose hearts are the same all over the world, and a dark skin doesn't alter matters much.

I know that two sadder young people were never seen than these two, when Happyheart's father sent Scalpemall's messengers back to the old chief with a "thank ye kindly for the honor."

But there was no help for it.

Scalpemall had killed a lot of men in his day, the old sinner, and poor Lightfoot had only been the death of deer and squirrels.

A hunter had no chance against a warrior, and Lightfoot never thought of eloping with the girl—for there would have been a general scalping match all around if he had, I suppose.

So Happyheart—poor girl, her name was a mockery just then—married Scalpemall, and I saw her dressed in feathers and wampum, carried to her husband's lodge by four young braves.

She was perched in a sort of chair, with a canopy of bows over it, and the red imps danced, and played their music, and howled, and ate, and drank, pretty much all night.

After that the poor thing settled down to being a squaw to Scalpemall.

It couldn't have been a very pleasant thing, I used to think, as he sat crouched over the fire in his tent, or under a tree out of doors, according to the weather, just able to toddle about, and mumble at his pipe, and keeping up one eternal brag from morning till night.

But, after all, an Indian wife isn't the happiest soul living at any time, and I forgot the girl when I went away, and did not see her any longer.

Four years afterward I went back on the same errand.

I got to the settlement just after there had been a disturbance of some kind.

There had been peace in the camp for a long time, but one night a lot of their enemies came down upon them.

They had a tough fight, I should say, and I can't tell you all the horrible sights I saw, but among them was the dead body of old Scalpemall.

He hadn't bragged about nothing, it seemed, and he had toddled out and finished off a dozen or so of his enemies that day.

But there he lay at last, with his own scalp off.

The day I got there they buried him, with money for his journey, and food to eat by the way along with him.

A great crowd stood around the grave, and howled for a while, and after that a lot of old women sat three times a day by the grave, and yelled and shrieked, and carried on his bragging for him; and one of the strangest sights of all was the widow Happyheart coming down to the grave, with a lot of other women, to have her hair cut off.

She came about sunset one day, and sat down awhile with the old women, and howled with them.

Then she arose, and walked about the grave, moving her head to and fro, and then she stood still, and the old witches began to shear her.

Each had a sharp knife.

I did a little business in such things with the tribe myself—and one by one they cut away the long black tresses, and strewed them over Scalpemall's grave.

They seemed to enjoy doing it.

And at last there stood the poor thing, with her little round head cropped close.

She had done her duty as the widow of a chief killed in battle, and she couldn't marry anyone else until that hair had grown as long as it was before it was cut.

That was a law that couldn't be broken.

The whole tribe would have risen up to prevent it.

And as I knew—for I'd my eyes about me—there was Lightfoot, the most constant fellow living, as much in love with the girl as ever.

I haven't a doubt the cries that poor woman uttered were perfectly genuine.

Well, of course I kept my thoughts to myself; but after a week or so had passed by, I saw that something was going on in the camp, and before long I found out what it was.

Lightfoot was going into the forest to fast, and raise a spirit to his bidding.

He was to live without food or drink for nine days, and then he would have power over a being that would come to him.

What he was going to ask of this being was that Happyheart's hair should grow long at once by a miracle.

Everybody knew the object, and no one seemed to think it a queer one.

For my part I felt it my duty to reason with the young man, who had sold me more skins than any other hunter in the tribe.

I told him what nonsense it all was, but I might as well have talked to the wind.

"Lightfoot knows," was all he said. "White man know too, very soon."

He went into the woods painted like a circus clown, and beating a sort of drum, and looking altogether like a fool, I thought.

But then he was quite a hero among his own people, and you should have seen little Happy-heart's eyes glisten.

"Poor little goose," said I, to myself; but I didn't know the girl.

That night as I was just dropping asleep in my little cubby-hole of a tent, I heard a kind of scratching at the door, and a woman's voice called my name softly.

Of course, I was on my feet in a moment.

I never went through the ceremony of undressing for the night when I was amongst Indians—and there outside the tent, I found little Happyheart, squatting in the moonlight with a bundle in her arms.

"You let Happyheart come in?" she asked.

And in she came.

I lit an end of candle I had with me, and she squatted down again and unrolled a couple of the finest skins I ever saw.

"These are pretty," said I. "Where did you get them?"

She shook her head.

"Plenty more," she said. "One, two, three, four."

"Well," I said, "want to sell them? How much?"

She shook her head.

"Not money," she said.

"Not money?" said I. "What then?"

She pointed to her head, and gave me a smile, and put her little hands on my arm.

"S'pose you get hair?" she said.

"Hair?" said I.

"Like mine said she. "So long."

She touched her waist.

"This skin, more skin, many skin—always much skin, little money. Lightfoot great hunter. Always friend. S'pose you give some hair?"

I began to understand.

"You want a lot of hair like your own for these skins?" said I.

She nodded gleefully.

"How soon?" said I.

She counted nine on her fingers, and held them up.

"So many days," said she.

"My dear," said I, "I'll try. I think I understand."

She shook her head.

"Scalpemall very brave warrior," she said, "but very old man. Many moons Happyheart was Scalpemall's squaw. Many moons Lightfoot waited. Now must wait until hair grow. Lightfoot fast in the forest. Happyheart must do something, eh?"

"Yes, yes; we'll help him all we can, girl," said I.

And then the little thing rested her palms on her knees, burst into a gleeful laugh, looked up into my face, and said—

"Father not know. Nobody know. White man not tell. Happyheart glad again."

And she skipped away out of the tent, with her black eyes shining.

I started on my hunt next morning, and before long I found what I wanted—an old Indian woman, long past her days of vanity, with a good head of black hair yet growing.

She sold it to me for a string of blue beads and a rattle.

It was only a bother to her.

And I went back to Happyheart, and managed to give it to her somehow the evening before the ninth of Lightfoot's fasting.

The next morning everyone was out of doors by daylight—everyone but Happyheart—and their eyes were turned towards the woods into which Lightfoot had vanished; but the sun was high before they saw anything.

Then a figure came slowly out of the shadow.

It was Lightfoot so white and weak that I believe he had been fasting most of the time; his eyes were heavy and his step slow; and at last, he stood amongst them with his hand lifted.

"My vision has been seen," he said; "my dream dreamt; a spirit has given me its promise. Go to the tent of Happyheart. You will find that in the night her hair has grown as long as it was before she strewed it upon her warrior's grave, and by that right I claim her."

Then a lot of squaws who had seen the girl with a cropped head the night before, rushed into her father's tent, and came out shrieking, and following them came Happyheart, with a long black tress of hair floating to her waist, and tied back from her face with some of those bits of ribbon we traders sold them, and twisted up with shells and flowers.

Nobody doubted that it was a miracle.

So Lightfoot had his wife and she was the first woman that ever wore a switch, as far as I know; and let me tell you there isn't a hair dresser living could make it up better and stronger, or put it on to deceive people better than she did.

But as I told you, she had a motive for it that everyone does not have.

Florian's Fortune.

BY ANNABEL GRAY.

NO one could have better charmed an artistic eye than Florian Ashworth, as she stands on the broad steps of her beautiful home this lovely May morning, waiting for the arrival of her horse and groom; her golden-brown hair tightly coiled under her riding hat, and all the poetry of youth and beauty in a face rivalling the happy sunbeams in its brightness.

She is a great heiress; her mother had been a young Italian, who, in a moment of eccentricity and emotion, desired to have her child called 'Florian,' after her father, Count Luini; and as the girl inherited his vast possessions, Mr. Ashworth was pleased to comply with his young wife's request.

Not a vestige of color relieves the dark blue of Florian's riding-habit save the narrow rim of her linen color.

Fair as the blossoming spring she looks still almost a child, full of artless grace and charm, romance and tenderness. She is soon joined by a rather antiquated-looking figure, a middle aged widow, a Mrs. Seymour, who is paid a handsome salary by Lord Elmore, Florian's guardian, to play the part of duenna, and take care of the orphan and heiress till that other protector, a husband, arrives on the scene.

"I thought you meant to give up your ride this morning, Florian?" Mrs. Seymour says, indifferently. "There is the ball to-night, you know, at the Castle in honor of your guardian's return,"

"And suppose I don't care in the least about my guardian. I expect he's some cross, grave, scolding individual."

"My dear girl, he was your poor dead father's most valued friend; he is courted by everyone."

"There is Sir Rupert," cries Florian, as she sees a horseman slowly approaching.

"Whatever Lord Elmore will think of you, I can't imagine," says Mrs. Seymour, critically. "You are most imperfectly educated; you never would persevere in your studies," and she turns away with a rather malicious expression on her smooth face. Florian, she thinks, has wanted a tight hand to restrain her all these years, but Mrs. Seymour, who has only to be, and has nothing to do, nobly smothers her resentment.

"You are late, Miss Ashworth," Sir Rupert says, lifting his hat. "I've taken several dreary turns down the avenue alone."

Florian is soon in the saddle, and, leaning forward, pats her mare's neck, offering some soft, caressing words. Sir Rupert, by her side, is mounted on a tall hunter, a chestnut; he is a very handsome man, but with a truthless and effeminate expression; there is in him that nameless something which bespeaks the man of pleasure, always alive to his own interests and intent on furthering them at any cost.

Florian's fortune especially recommends itself to his consideration.

"I suppose you know that my guardian, Lord Elmore, is expected to arrive this afternoon?" Florian says; "he may even be at the Manor House when we return, and, do you know, I rather dread the thought of seeing him."

Sir Rupert is annoyed.

Lord Elmore, the poet, the scholar, might be a dangerous rival.

"Nevertheless you will give me the first dance at the duchess's to-night," he says, pleadingly, "and reserve a quadrille for his lordship; men over forty are not always brisk in valses." Sir Rupert fancies he is in love with Florian; he has been very devoted and attentive of late, and the girl enjoys his society, to a certain extent; she is often very lonely, but he wishes to be sure of her love ere he risks a proposal.

To-day they have a slight misunderstanding, it hardly approaches a quarrel, and Sir Rupert is thinking of the joys of reconciliation this evening, when Florian, glancing at her hunting watch, says abruptly,

"We must be returning home, Sir Rupert," and he trying to rouse her jealousy, confesses to an appointment with the Denbighs, of the Grange.

"Then it must be au revoir," he ends, lifting his hat; "already you fear your guardian's displeasure, I can see, should you be late for luncheon. However, perhaps it's natural." And he rides away.

On her return, Florian learns that her guardian has arrived; she takes especial pains with her toilette, and expects that she has been held up as a helpless specimen of idleness and stupidity to his lordship.

Mrs. Seymour has certainly been doing her best to fascinate him herself, and has not been flattering in her summary of Florians characteristics. She opens the drawing-room door more gently than usual, and her heart beats with anxiety.

Lord Elmore, embassador at one of the European courts—a man celebrated as an author, who has gained the world's respect, may be a critical judge.

He turns at once from Mrs. Seymour, and advances to meet the girl half-way across the room.

"You hardly remember me, Florian," he says quietly, scanning her features, "and you are grown out of all knowledge."

Florian blushes and fancies she looks very awkward. He retains her hand a second longer than usual, and looks thoughtfully into her face.

The broad white brow, the quiver of the beautiful mouth, the soft expectant look in the deep-hued violet eyes interest him, and yet she has not spoken.

Then he bends down, and kisses her once, just over a tiny rebellious curl on her forehead.

He remarks that she is nervous, even agitated.

"I am very glad to see you, Lord Elmore," Florian says, recovering her self-possession. "My dear dead father's friend, and my guardian, has indeed my best welcome, my warmest respect."

Mrs. Seymour interrupts them by an allusion to Florian's morning ride.

"Did Sir Rupert return to the Manor House with you?" she asks, pensively.

"Oh, no! he had an engagement with the Denbighs," Florian says, remembering that abrupt and lover-like parting.

Lord Elmore concludes that Sir Rupert is some harmless nonentity of the neighbourhood.

"Who may Sir Rupert be?" he asks, surprised at Florian's blush.

"That dashing fellow at the Abbey House, Sir Rupert Vivian," explains Mrs. Seymour.

"Vivian!" repeats Lord Elmore, under his breath. "Is he Miss Ashworth's companion?"

"I was going to say they seem nearly engaged, he is most devoted," ends the widow, hoping to lead her own forlorn hope.

Florian starts to her feet.

"Nothing of the sort, Mrs. Seymour. Sir Rupert is nothing to me; he amuses me—that is all."

"A sad flirt, I fear," sighs the kind friend.

"He is a dangerous man," says Lord Elmore, disappointed in his ward, and believing Mrs. Seymour is correct in her estimation of Florian's faults. "I knew him in Paris."

"I am not a flirt," cries poor Florian, indignantly; "pray don't believe ill of me so soon!"

"He only thinks of Florian's fortune. I am afraid she is a little wild and undisciplined," he ends in a severe voice that cuts like steel.

"Who says Sir Rupert is a bad man?" cries Florian, fuming and now determined to fight her absent admirer's battles for him out of pique, if nothing else. "He is gentlemanly—and well-bred. I like him."

Lord Elmore rises.

"It's about time for me to be off to the duke's. I suppose we shall meet again to-night? . . . I hope luxurious idleness has not ruined you."

Florian is disappointed that he will not remain to luncheon; the tears are in her eyes, and as he leaves the house, she dashes from the room, shuts herself in the library, takes up a book and tries to read.

Her guardian, in some mysterious way has fascinated her.

She would give the world to recall her hasty, ill-judged words.

"Will he say I am frivolous?" she thinks, later on, standing before her mirror, dressed for the ball, her cream-colored satin slippers, embroidered with seed pearls, peeping daintily from under the folds of her dress.

The first person they see at the duchess's is Sir Rupert Vivian, determined to make the most of the opportunities that remain to him, now that his adversary may be in the field.

He has so long considered Florian impressed with his attentions and himself as a 'pet eligible' that he is not seriously discomposed. He looks well in evening dress, which suits his gay, debonnaire style.

"May I have the honor of the next valse?" he asks taking Florian on his arm into the ball-room, and they march slowly round while the band plays the most seductive strains of Waldteufel and Strauss.

The ball at the Castle is on a scale of surpassing magnificence, and as they wait for their valse, Sir Rupert strolls with Florian through a conservatory, leading to a marble terrace, and the moonlight streams on the rare orchids and exotics surrounding them, and lingers on the delicate bloom of the flowers in her bouquet.

And yet her little hand does not tremble on his arm, and the somewhat hackneyed quotations he uses of a sentimental character strikes her as part of a manufactured tenderness used for effect.

"We must not forget our valse," he whispers glancing at Florian, his eyes dark and humid with surpressed anxiety and eagerness, and thinking her by far the loveliest girl in the room.

And he speaks, bending his handsome head and murmuring some well-chosen compliment, Lord Elmore enters the room and overhears the flattering whisper. The music re-commences, and away they float with other couples to the rhythm of the latest valse.

Lord Elmore gives Florian but cold and careless greeting: he is annoyed to find Sir Rupert in attendance, and she is so confused at his manner that the dainty little feet get entangled in her satin train, and Sir Rupert wonders what has changed her from the merry, laughter-loving Florian of yesterday.

What beauty, wealth and fashion the mirrors reflect on all sides! Satins, diamonds, and laces gleam beneath the myriad lights of the ball-room; flashing eyes, coquettish gestures, self-conscious fascinations, all have in their way a certain eloquence, a hidden meaning, or it may be, some mute appeal.

Lord Elmore stands by the duchess's side near the raised dais, scrutinizing the little girl in her cream-colored satin dress, with butterflies in her hair, his ward, upon whom his thoughts have lately been centered. He remembers her father entreating him to watch over and protect Florian's interests, and save her fortune from being at the mercy of an adventurer.

"I fancy Mrs. Seymour and your guardian are both criticising us," Sir Rupert says, determined to be more plain and explicit, "I should think you would be glad to be married, and have your liberty. I don't think you have a very agreeable life, as it is!"

"I am so thirsty. I should like some lemonade please," murmurs Florian turning the conversation, as Lord Elmore approaches.

"Are you engaged for the quadrille?" her guardian asks, taking out his programme.

"No!" she answers, in a low voice.

"Then may I have the pleasure——"

She assents timidly, Sir Rupert bows, releases his partner with visible disappointment, and moves away. Mrs. Seymour, a patient wallflower, is delighted to secure Sir Rupert for the next set of the Lancers; she has been anxious to have some conversation with him, and Sir Rupert soon ascertains that he has a safe ally in the lady who wishes to win Lord Elmore, and visit Berlin.

"Did I hear you asking for lemonade?" Lord Elmore says, as Florian takes his arm.

"Yes; I was thirsty and rather tired."

"What do you say then to a lounge in the conservatory, after we leave the refreshment-room?"

Florian assents gladly. She detests quadrilles, and has been whirled round at an alarming rate in the valse. Difficulty in addressing Lord Elmore again oppresses her.

She stammers, blushes, feels timid and awkward; her mood and manner alike amuse him, and he thinks her the loveliest living picture in the room.

"Ah, now we will rest," he says, leading her through the dimly-lighted conservatory, and for the first time smiling a little into her eyes.

A grave face, suddenly lit with smiles, enchants a romantic mind; her pulses beat quicker; perhaps he does not think so very badly of her after all.

"I've so often wondered about you," she says, shyly, plucking a flower to pieces.

Sir Rupert, with a pleading expression in his face, stands by the conservatory door, half-hidden by a forest of leaves and flowing plants.

A sort of dreamy intoxication is slowly stealing over Florian's reflective powers as she sits by Lord Elmore's side.

Will she love him? Sir Rupert wonders, not understanding this change in her manner. He feels cross and irritable, he remembers how many match-making Belgravian matrons have considered him an eligible parti, that he is a county member, and a baronet of unimpeachable pedigree. He has to dance the galop with a young Austrian countess, and turns away from contemplating the two in the conservatory with well-feigned indifference. Lord Elmore his rival! It seemed absurd, incredible. For a whole year, Sir Rupert has been wooing Florian, or rather her fortune, he is a calculator by instinct, and has been positively resolving to give one final bachelor party, ere buying Florian an engagement ring, and plunging into matrimony.

After the galop is over, Sir Rupert finds that Florian and her guardian have left the conservatory, and has the satisfaction of watching them over the supper table, pulling crackers together, the stern and serious diplomat appears to enjoy the sound of that girlish laughter, which has a music wanting in science and intrigue. It is well to unbend sometimes, he thinks, and escape the langour and fatigue of his dazzling Court life; it is pleasant to see this beautiful Florian, whom he is beginning to interest and charm, lift her innocent eyes to his.

She is no grande dame, used to admiration and compliment, or titled beauty, or world-famed syren—only a girl full of sentiment and romance.

"What silly words they write for mottoes," she says, as her guardian places a narrow strip of paper by her plate.

"More simple perhaps than silly, and what a relief even folly is at times! How one envies children their sincere beliefs, their earnestness their capacity for joy and pain. After intense mental thought, anxiety and excitement, how sweet to listen to the nightingale through the leafy shadows of the woods," he answers.

And Florian contrasts him mentally with Sir Rupert to whom a nightingale was no more than a sparrow, and who liked noise, display, and all the artificial glitter of society.

Nevertheless Sir Rupert, materialist as he may be, feels the chill of disappointment spoil his appetite and the flavor of his compliments.

His face darkens still more, as Lord Elmore and Florian leave the supper-table together, and he fancies there is a vague admiration in the glance she turns on her guardian that indicates the awakening of her heart.

They avoid the heated, crowded ball-room, and wander out together on to the marble terrace.

The shadowy night air is heavy with perfumes, fish leap in a gold basin near a statue of Pysche which calls forth several conjectures about the soul, and the plash of the distant fountains, the subtle scents of the lemon plants and azaleas mingling with the strains of distant music, seem all in harmony with their mood.

Lord Elmore begins to understand his ward better; the girl's knowledge to be sure is strictly limited, but she has fine taste and a warm, sensitive, impulsive nature,

[illegible] though it is years since she was last in [illegible] with her father, every event and incident connected with that visit are firmly imprinted on her memory. She can sing [illegible] the grace and ease of a skylark, though she can hardly accompany them.

"I've been so very ill-o," she hurriedly explains, as they re-enter the ball-room. "Overdared, you know—no one took any real interest in me. I was [illegible]" stating, and the [illegible] she [illegible], for Sir Rupert, I verily believe, is resolved to [illegible].

"Miss Vernon, will you condemn me to [illegible]?" You have missed two [illegible]."

"I am so tired," Florian answers, indifferently, dropping her thin ivory feather fan, which Sir Rupert returns to her—broken.

The two men, who are enemies, stand beside her, and then Lord Elmore coolly resigns her to Sir Rupert.

He understands the ways and natures of women, has skilfully fenced and played with edged tools, and escaped unhurt from beauty's toils.

"Come, Florian, I think we must be leaving," Mrs. Seymour says, breaking in upon her musings, and in spite of all Sir Rupert's pleadings that she will give him that last waltz, she shows so plainly that she is glad to escape all further fatigue, he turns from her irritated past all bearing, and vowing vengeance against Lord Elmore, who is an amused spectator of the little scene.

And after all it is Sir Rupert and not her guardian who sees her into the carriage and [illegible] her little hand; on returning home Florian does not summon her maid, she wishes to be alone, and [illegible] her hair like a [illegible], and [illegible] sings a little, wondering what impression she has made on Lord Elmore.

"Suppose after all that he should be my [illegible]," she whispers, and falls asleep to the [illegible] of the nightingales singing in the woods.

Next morning Florian rises early and wanders down by the sea, the waves, foam-tipped and sparkling in the sunshine, break against the rocks and dash themselves at her feet, as she saunters along the [illegible].

Slowly the waves steal slowly nearer, listening to their ceaseless murmur over [illegible] Yellow Sands.

She [illegible] the [illegible] pebbles carelessly into the sea, and felt the strong breeze play havoc with the curls over her brow, her sweet wild-flower face losing all its pallor, when as a few drops of rain are beginning to fall; she returns home and Mrs. Seymour descending to a late breakfast finds Florian [illegible] engaged writing at a side table.

"You know, I suppose, that Sir Rupert is coming this morning? He thought you would like to see the hounds meet at Earlswood's Cross."

"I am going to work away in earnest. I shall give up riding for the present."

"Why? You know enough of everything for a girl in society."

"I wish to please my guardian," Florian says with the least tremor in her voice.

Mrs. Seymour makes no further remark, but busies herself at the breakfast table.

Florian sips her coffee and eats some mouthful of toast with a languid air.

Lord Elmore has not the least idea of the impression he has made on Florian; he scarcely believes she prefers Sir Rupert, and as he has resolved to stay a week or two at the Manor House, are going abroad again, is curious to see how the affair will progress.

"I expect your guardian at one o'clock," Mrs. Seymour is saying, glancing at the time-piece, and at that moment Sir Rupert's head head appears, and the tall chestnut stops before the hall door.

Florian is in an obstinate mood.

She refuses to see him, and Lord Elmore, in the Duke's victoria, passes the discomfited hero a little little later in the avenue.

"You are looking fresh as a rose, Florian," Lord Elmore says, as she is welcoming him without ceremony in the hall. "I hardly expected to find either of you ladies up yet, after the exertions of the previous evening."

"Florian has been busy writing," Mrs. Seymour explains.

[illegible] more, and impatient to [illegible].

"Indeed, I [illegible] you?" Lord Elmore asks, gaily, as if amused at her zeal.

Florian begins to work away in earnest, and Lord Elmore seems nothing loth to [illegible] the lessons.

Sir Rupert, riding down the avenue, often sees that golden head bent over a book, and his teeth bite hard as he notes who is the [illegible].

[illegible] rides, or close companionship—no more hope, indeed, for him.

Watching Florian with the keen powers of observation of a woman who would fain [illegible] rival, Mrs. Seymour remarks all this [illegible].

Lord Elmore has stayed a fortnight at the Manor House, his young ward's constant companion, and yet, thanks to Mrs. Seymour, who effectually misleads him, and throws Sir Rupert and Florian together whenever possible he is still blind to the [illegible].

[illegible] hopelessly [illegible] her wretched [illegible] with [illegible], invented [illegible] to [illegible], [illegible] at a garden party and [illegible] show, yet all the time has remained, [illegible] loves, very nearly indifferent to [illegible].

"I should certainly miss her out of my life," he reflects, "but her loss would not fill me a life-long sorrow. I have angered her completely, and have roused sensibility and emotion—have I also awoke love?"

He reaches out his hand, and opens some closely-written pages in her fine Italian hand-writing.

It is the translation of a poem, turned into musical English—Florian's work, which has made her sit up late into the night to finish.

He reads this over slowly and thoughtfully, standing by the open window, the rich summer breeze laden with the perfumes of May's fairest flowers.

To-day he has arranged to leave the Manor House; Florian has gathered him a splendid bouquet, sorted and arranged by herself.

His box is packed, and his valet is searching an A, B, C, guide to find when the next express leaves.

Presently the sound of voices reaches his ear.

Sir Rupert and Mrs. Seymour are entering the conservatory.

"Thank goodness he leaves to-day," the baronet is saying, sullenly, "I can't stand this sort of treatment much longer, as for this vamped-up nonsense of yours——"

"I am sure he has fascinated Florian I believe she loves him; but he is cold as ice—and you must try and cure her folly."

Lord Elmore utters a broken exclamation, as the crimson rises to his brow and a kind of haze passes before his vision.

Florian in love with him—his ward! sensitive—charming—beautiful.

Friendship, esteem, respect she may have entertained for him; but could he dream of ever hearing that sweetest of all confessions from her lips?

"I meant to leave her, ere I should suffer," he murmurs, "ere she had invaded the depths of my heart."

A tremor sweeps through his nerves—his pulses beat like a boy's.

Is one ever too old and world-weary to enjoy a spring-time?

Love and spring are the renewals of youth—of rapture and hope.

That roused sensibility—that sweet reticence—all reveal his fatal influence.

Fatal?

It shall be the herald of a new and glorious life to both—a poem of tenderest refrains.

He sees her coming down the centre path, and goes out to meet her, the wistful look deepening in his eyes.

Florian tries to avoid him, but he is by her side ere she can escape: his touch is caressing in May's warm noontide, her welcome and her love seem to speak in the sunshine—the flowers, the air of spring.

"She will give me rest at last," he thinks, and feels like a wanderer in a great wilderness, who has found a stream of crystal water.

"You know, Florian, that I must leave you to-day?" he says, walking slowly by her side.

"Yes!" hesitatingly.

She knows that every parting is a 'symbol of death'; she dare not contemplate her solitude—to-morrow.

"And my little ward will not quite forget me?"

"I have a good memory for my friends," she answers, with a simile of disappointment at his manner.

"Some day, Florian, you will enter the great world.

Her eyes droop under his regard, and she sighs—

"I expect it will be at best be but a prison for me."

His expression changes, a new glow pervades.

"Must I leave you, Florian? It only rests with you to say 'stay!' Tell me—is there any hope, any chance for me to win your love?"

And this is the man she once made up her mind to dislike; the man who has changed, subdued, haunted her and made part of her inner life.

"My dearest, my child, give me an answer now. I have learnt to love you, Florian."

"My answer is 'Stay!'" cries Florian, her eyes filling with tears of exquisite joy—and the instant her head is hidden in his breast, and she is clasped in his arms.

So there was to be no misunderstanding, no parting, no lives sundered by fate or folly.

Lord Elmore and his ward were married in the autumn.

Florian's fortune was settled on herself, and when she accompanied him abroad on his next diplomatic mission, her grace and beauty were universally acknowledged and won her hosts of friends.

FLOWERS.—To preserve flowers in their natural form and color insert the stems in water in which twenty-five grains ammoniuum chloride (sal ammoniac) have been dissolved. Flowers can be preserved in this way for from fifteen to thirty days. To preserve them permanently for a year or months, dip them into perfectly [illegible] gum-water and then allow them to drain. The gum forms a complete coating on the stems and petals, and preserves their shape and color long after they have become dry.

FORETHOUGHT.—The Prairie Farmer truly remarks that a little forethought on a farm is a good thing. It saves time, money and much of the vexation that is liable to come without it. Like the watchman on a ship, a good farmer must always be looking about. He must be quick in his judgment of what should be done at the present time, and he should have a good perception to show him the best thing to do for the future.

A Midsummer-Night.

BY MINNIE DOUGLAS.

VIOLET was very lovely, and also very romantic.

At seventeen she thought it strange that she had never been in love, and felt some curiosity as to what the sensation might be like.

Of course if the "higher education of women" had been in vogue; if Cambridge examinations had claimed her youthful ardour, and if her fair head had been filled with abstruse geometrical questions, there would have been no room for so unprofitable a speculation as to whether a knight would come to woo.

Alas, my Violet bloomed before these favored days, and in her ignorance and simplicity she sought for a sign.

It was Midsummer-eve, and Violet's bosom friend, Cora, sat gazing at her with admiration, while the maid brushed out her golden tresses.

"Cora, to-morrow is Midsummer-day," said Violet. "Let us try a spell at midnight."

"What sort of a spell?" demanded Cora, lazily.

"One is to walk backwards to a rose-bush and pick from it a bud; you must not see the bud——"

"We couldn't see much of it at midnight, dear," interrupted Cora.

"No. I mean you must keep it behind your back until you get home——"

"Still walking backwards?" murmured Cora.

"Of course not, Cora—how can you be so foolish? Walk home any way you like, and then put the rose-bud, without looking at it, in a box: or some other safe place, where you must keep it until Christmas-day. On that day you must wear it, and whoever notices the withered rosebud on you first will be your husband."

"Good gracious! Have you to wait six months on chance? and then perhaps some aged friend of your father's will notice the bud!" exclaimed Cora. "One never sees any nice young men on Christmas-day, except one's cousins." A slight sigh indicated that sometimes even cousins were nice young men.

"Then another spell is to take an apple and eat it before a looking-glass," resumed Violet. "And if you are to marry that year, the face of your future husband will look over your shoulder."

"How frightful!"

The maid looked scandalized.

Perkins fully sympathised with her young mistress and wondered how anyone could say it would be "frightful."

"Well, but, Cora dear," said the beauty, pleadingly, "you will try to please me, won't you?"

"Anything to please you, love. Is it to be the apple or the rose-bud?"

"Oh, the rose-bud; that's the safest. We'll try it to-morrow night."

"So be it, darling; and now I must dress for dinner," said devoted Miss Cora.

Midsummer-day was not pouring wet, and cold, and dismal.

No; it was a nice old-fashioned summer's day—shall we ever see such again?—when the sun shone, and the birds sang, and the flowers bloomed in a hearty manner, and when twilight came, there was a soft balmy stillness over everything, which lasted into the night. Colonel Keen and his wife went to bed at half-past ten, and apparently their daughter and her friend did the same.

But in fact they only waited till the house was quiet, and then stole back to the deserted dining-room, where the windows opened out on the garden.

Perkins was left upstairs.

Violet and Cora sat down and earnestly watched the clock, by the light of a small wax taper, until the hands were both on twelve.

Then they softly stepped forth into the dark garden (for the moon gave a very faint light, being young and inexperienced herself), holding each other's hands tightly.

"We must go, walking backwards, to the Gloire de Dijon rose tree," whispered Violet.

"Oh!" half groaned Cora as they whirled round, and commenced their journey: "and it's down hill all the way?"

A very jogging and comfortless walk brought them to the rose bush.

"Oh! Cora! isn't it delicious?—I feel so nervous!" whispered Violet, as she groped about behind her for a rosebud.

"I'm getting wretchedly scratched!" retorted Cora, doubtful of the real pleasure of the expedition. "Where are the things?"

They had just managed to secure a bud each when a rustling amongst the bushes near made the girls start—and in the dim light they saw a man's figure emerge.

To Violet's romantic mind, he was there in answer to their incantation; to Cora he was a burglar.

The latter seized her friend's hand, and strove to hasten their steps homeward; but the man sprang before them, and held a pistol menacingly in front of their faces.

"Speak a word, ladies, and I'll fire! Keep still, and I'll not harm you."

The intended screams were stopped piteously, stifled at the throat. The ruffian went on.

"You've been so obliging as to leave the window open for my partickler friend who wanted to make a call at your house to-night and hardly knew how to get in. When he comes out, you may go in. That's fair."

In terrified silence, the girls looked towards the house.

The only light visible was that of the wax taper in the dining-room.

Eagerly they watched, tremblingly they waited till the dark shadow of a man was distinguished coming out at the window, and laboring towards them, carrying a heavy load in a sack.

"You go on, Bill," said the man with the pistol. "I'll protect the ladies for five minutes more, while you get a start—then I'll join ye."

And Violet heard the chink of her father's forks and spoons as the sack-laden fellow made off.

The five minutes seemed an hour.

But they passed and the man spoke his last words.

"Good night ladies—as fine a Midsummer-night as ever I see."

His departure followed.

Thus released, trembling and faint, Violet and Cora reached the house.

There they bolted the window with useless care, and might have remained in misery in the dining-room all night, but for Perkins.

Perkins (who had been eating an apple before her mistress's looking-glass, in the vain hope of seeing a man's face look over her shoulder) came down at length to see what could be detaining the young ladies.

A few disjointed words of explanation, given with shivering terror, were enough to set Perkins off in a screaming-fit, which alarmed the house.

Paterfamilias and his wife came down in surprising garment.

The servants huddled in the passage until they were certain all was safe, and then advanced to the rescue; and the poor stricken beauty and her pale friend were sufficiently restored by the aid of cordials and a reassuring number of bed-room candles, to tell the whole story.

The father raged, the mother wept; and the girls crept up to the bed, each unconsciously clasping tight a crushed rose-bud!

* * * * *

Christmas came, and there was a party at Colonel Keen's.

Cora whispered shyly:

"Did he ever see your rose-bud dear?"

"I threw it away for fear no one else might see the [illegible] anything!" confessed Violet.

But "he" seemed safely landed, and listened with sympathy and interest to his host's apologies for the electro-plate on the table, and the reason it was there in place of the splendid family silver.

On Christmas day they had an "Eisteddfod" in Chickering Hall, New York, at which one man read an "Englynion," and another recited an "Awdl" and another the "Kwyddy Farn Fawr," and then the whole crowd stood up and sang, "Hen wald fy nhadhau." And then the hall fell in.

A Very Singular and Exceptional Case.

The following details of a case, is one of the exceptional cases which we meet with in our dispensation of Compound Oxygen, and one that illustrates in a very striking manner the subtle and deeply-searching and active power of this new agent.

"ST. CLOUD, Wis., January 16th, 1882.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN: Dear Sirs:—I believe it to be a duty I owe to sufferers from blood and skin diseases to make a brief statement of my case. About ten years ago I had several inflamed dark spots come on both of my ankles. These spots were then but [illegible] of a dark copper color, and not [illegible] and rigid. They gradually grew [illegible] to [illegible] trouble[illegible], with [illegible] dullness, and sometimes [illegible] of most [illegible]. I had been [illegible] years previous to the appearance of these spots on my ankles troubled with [illegible] for which [illegible]. My joints would be sometimes badly swollen and [illegible]. I had much trouble and pain with my left ankle for three or four months before commencing to use compound Oxygen. The [illegible] the outside of [illegible] foot and [illegible] to [illegible] a large piece of [illegible]. It was much swollen at times, and [illegible] very painful dry [illegible]. I [illegible] what it [illegible], and [illegible] painful. I showed it to several knowing ones, who pronounced it a cancer. The effects of the Compound Oxygen were truly wonderful. It worked like a charm. In a [illegible] my feet began to [illegible]; the [illegible] disappeared, the [illegible] very hot soon became soft and white; the sores became less painful, and soon began to heal. The [illegible] are now well, and my feet and ankles are as [illegible] now. In fact, I have got a new pair of legs, I feel at times I am indebted to Compound Oxygen.

Respectfully Yours,
"H SPARKS."

The effect of Compound Oxygen in this case gives a striking proof of the law governing its action. It has no specific relation to the disease from which the patient was suffering, and did not act directly upon the affected parts, but, instead, infused new vigor into the nervous centres, quickened all the life-forces, and restored to healthful activity every organic form in the body, and the result came as a natural and orderly sequence. The case is exceptional only in the character of the disease, not in its cure by Compound Oxygen.

Our "Treatise on Compound Oxygen," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be sent free. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philada.

Our Young Folks.

TOM, THE TRUANT.

BY PIPKIN.

TOM was a lolly-fellow, but oddly without much real meanness in him.

He would kiss [illegible] when he ought to have gone to school one summer morning, and pretended to himself that he was fast asleep.

This was all very well when he had nobody else but himself to pretend to, but it was a different matter when his sister called him, crying:

"Get up, Tom! get up, lazy bones! you'll be late for school."

Up Tom got, for he could not help himself.

But it was just late for school he wished to be, for he had not learned his lessons, and he also felt a hankering after some trees covered with apples that he had seen in Farmer Jenkins' yard two or three days before.

However, he got up, dressed, and breakfasted, but whenever his sister wasn't looking he made a shockingly ugly grimace at her.

"Serves her right," says Tom, "for not letting a fellow alone."

Then, strapping on his satchel of books, he set off.

"To school"

Well, I'm not so sure about that; for when Tom had turned the corner of the lane, he thrust his hands into his pockets, and said:

"I'll have some fun."

To congratulate himself on his resolution he went twice head over heels, and then he set off at a brisk trot for Farmer Jenkins' orchard.

Once there, he leaned on the wall, and came to a standstill.

He was out of breath, which might be one reason for the pause; but besides that, he wanted to really enjoy himself, and enjoyment precludes hurry.

"Now," says Tom, "is the moment to make up my mind. School or apples? It is not too late to go back. School or apples, Tom which?"

Then he burst out into a loud, ringing laugh.

"If you'll show me the boy who prefers school to apples, I'll show you an idiot," said Tom.

And the next minute he was on top of the wall, and in sight of Farmer Jenkins' orchard.

In sight of, but not in.

Just as he was about to descend on the other side, as nasty a looking white bulldog as you'd wish to see, with a wicked black spot over the left eye, and a wicked left eye under the black spot, made a dash at the wall, and growled and snarled at him till Tom cried out for all the world as if he had been hurt.

And every time Tom put a leg down, as if he meant to bring himself after it, the dog made a snap at it, and made a horrible growl.

What was to be done now?

Tom clung to the top of the wall, uncertain whether to advance or retire, when it suddenly occurred to him that the one thing was as hard as the other, or, as he expressed it, six of one and half a dozen of the other; for, unless he was very much mistaken, the bull-dog would have no more difficulty in climbing the wall than he had, and if he disappeared on the other side, he strongly suspected that the animal would soon be after him.

It was best, therefore, to face danger with the chance of apples than without; so he plunged boldly down.

He then, stopping, picked up a large stone.

To his amazement, the dog gave an angry yell, and ran away.

"Oh, you big baby!" loudly cried Master Tom.

He shook his fist at the animal, and threw the stone after him.

He determined now to climb the opposite wall, as he knew the best apples were in the garden beyond.

But when he came to it, lo and behold! the wall refused to be climbed over; it was smooth and high, and altogether too much for Tom.

"Please yourself," he said, bowing politely.

And then a tree, bending beneath the weight of rosy apples, at the other end of the field, catching his eye, he made a run for it.

Just as he came within reach, he discovered that he was not the only thing that coveted them, for the true but only thing that could be trusted, for with both [illegible] rushing to [illegible], coming on evident and determined [illegible].

A bull was worse than a bull-dog; and a real bull [illegible].

Just look at that bull, and you won't be surprised that Tom turned round and took to his heels with a velocity never [illegible] before, and [illegible] very well he had [illegible] for [illegible].

Terrified, he placed his back against this, and strove to flatten himself down into the appearance of stone.

But he knew the attempt was useless, and that a real bull—especially one with a ring through his nose—could not be taken in in that way.

He then gave himself up for lost, when he found the big wild beast standing right before him.

His heart seemed to rise into his mouth, while he wished he could sink down into his shoes.

"Oh, pray Mr. Bull! Oh, please, Mr. Bull!" he began, abjectly.

But the bull stopped him, with a great roar, louder in Tom's ears than a cannonade of artillery.

At that moment he knew where he was; but the next—where was he?

The bull had butted forward, lifted him on its horns, and flung him over the wall he had despaired of climbing a few minutes before.

Over the wall Tom went.

Out of the satchel flew the books; off his head went his hat; and even, when he was in the very act of falling, with "the ruling passion strong in death," he thought to himself:

"Oh, if I might only tumble into an apple-tree!"

Alas, poor Tom!

Apple-tree, indeed!

It was not into an apple-tree he fell; but into a bee-hive!

And there, on the other side of the wall, mildly stood the bull.

Did you ever stand on your head in a bee-hive, I want to know. Did you? or you? or you?

Oh, you may laugh, but the question is a serious one.

But if you never have, or till you have, you cannot have the remotest idea how Tom felt.

The bees were at once frightened and angry, and they attacked Tom, tooth and nail, not contented with buzzing round his face and ears, but stinging wherever they could find a place to sting.

And when you are standing on your head it is not as easy to collect your presences of mind, and brush bees off your face or pull them out of your hair, as it would be if you were on your feet.

If Tom could have seen that mild, gentlemanly bull just then, it would have added insult to injury.

He had actually begun to graze in the pleasantest manner possible; and any one to look at him, might have said he never tossed a boy in his life. There is no trusting to appearances.

"Hello! here we are!" cried Tom, as he tumbled over on to his feet again, and began belaboring face and hair to rid himself of the bees.

But the more he belabored the more they wouldn't go, and the more he shouted and kicked, the more they came.

He then took to his heels, and ran madly along, one swarm of bees in his hair, another buzzing round his head.

He had the sense to put his arm before his eyes, and save them, and that was all he could do for himself.

For my own part, I believe the bees considered it a capital joke, and thought Tom was enjoying the business quite as much as they were.

The hive, by the way, is quite deserted, and every bee had been in the midst of the fun.

On dashed Tom, maddened by stings, not caring where he went.

On dashed his tormentors.

Tom did some very lively running, but boys have not wings, and bees have, so, however fast the boy ran, the bees flew faster, or could have flown faster, had it been their pleasure to do so.

But their pleasure happened to be to keep in a cloud about the head of the fugitive.

Bees are very cunning.

I wonder whether these bees knew that this was Master Tom, the Truant, who had been wanting to steal their master's apples.

I have my own private opinions on that subject.

What is yours?

On dashed Tom wildly, recklessly, madly, stopping for nothing, turned back by nothing that came in his way—yes, truly turned back by nothing, not even by water.

For splish, splash, splorrum, the next thing we see of him is going head over heels down, down into a pond, and disappearing beneath its slimy surface!

This is indeed a tragic story if poor Tom the Truant be drowned. Hush! is Tom drowned? I don't suppose a drowned boy struggles and splutters, does he? and there is a great deal of struggling and spluttering and spluttering and struggling going on in that pond.

"My word for it, you have not done with Tom the Truant yet; you'll see that young gentleman appear again.

At any rate he's got rid of the bees, water has saved him from his enemies—such of them as were not wise enough to buzz back to their hive, instead of accompanying him into it—and a cold bath, a plunge in a pond, forms the best cure for their stings too, and like the venom they leave behind them.

Hello, did'nt I tell you you'd see Tom again? Here he is, if this be really he. Can this be Tom the Truant?—this miserable sneak!

Look at the creature cringing along, his clothes clinging to him, dirty water streaming from his hair, and covering him from head to foot, plastered with slime—weeds seeming to grow out of him; and then look at him as he stood in the [illegible] to [illegible], rosy and neat, [illegible] to [illegible].

"I believe we've [illegible]."

Oh, Tom don't you wish it was all a dream, and that you were just waking at the sound of your sisters voice, saying

"Get up, lazy bones; you'll be late for [illegible]?

NOTHING good is ever effected without perseverance.

MRS. MOTLEY'S MISTAKE.

BY JOHN FROST.

THERE were four Miss Silverpins, and Leona, the youngest of all, was married first.

Miss Silverpin was literary, corresponded with two or three country newspapers, wrote essays, and even tried her hand at poetry.

Miss Eudora Silverpin was domestic, kept a big receipt-book, counted the bars of soap, and nearly drove the one maid-of all work distracted with her constant criticisms and surveillance.

Miss [illegible] emigration [illegible] Highway," was one of a st[illegible] visited the poor, until the poor was heartily sick of her.

And little [illegible], the eighteen-year-old "baby" of the family, was considered as good for nothing in particular, except to be snubbed, scolded, and ordered about by all three of her sisters, until Mr. Motley came along and married her.

"The man must be crazy to fancy [illegible] of a thing like Leona," said Miss Silverpin. "I did think he had some literary taste, but of course he can't have, when he is satisfied with a wife who never read Carlyle and knows nothing about Hume [illegible].

"[illegible]," added Miss [illegible], "as a man would [illegible] on one who understands the art of housekeeping, and can make his home comfortable. Leona never baked a biscuit in her life, and as for preserving, I don't think she knows the difference between a damson and a greengage."

"All this is mere folly and trifling," said the sister of St. Petrifactus, rolling her fine eyes skyward. "No man who is entirely devoid of the devotional element can be expected to show common sense in his matrimonial choice."

"Leona knows nothing about him," said Miss Silverpin, sharply.

"He may be a mere impostor, for anything we know," said Miss Eudora.

"Leona will be sure to repent her headlong haste one of these days," added Miss Rebecca.

But in spite of all this croaking, little Leona was as happy as a bird.

She loved John Motley, and John Motley loved her.

What else was wanting to complete her bliss?

She went to housekeeping in a little bird's nest of a house, with the curtains all looped back with blue ribbons, and plants and canary birds in every window, and the three Miss Silverpins came there frequently to breakfast, dinner and tea, although they took no pains to conceal their disapprobation of her match.

"Nothing but an engraver," said Miss Silverpin, sourly. "I did think, Leona, you would have looked higher."

"It's a very respectable business, I am sure," said Leona, timidly.

"You'll be sure to repent it one of these days," said Miss Eudora.

"I'm sure I don't know why," said Leona ready to cry.

"He is a free thinker and an infidel," groaned Rebecca.

"He isn't!" retorted Leona, half frightened at her own boldness. "He reads the Bible every day, and is very regular at church."

"It's all a white sepulchre," sighed the sister of St. Petrifactus.

"I wish they'd all get married, too," thought Leona, "and then, perhaps, they'd have enough to do attending to their business to keep away from here."

The next week the three sisters arrived en masse, with faces a yard long, and eyes a-glitter with gloomy triumph.

"I told you so," said Miss Silverpin.

"I foresaw it from the very beginning," said Rebecca.

"It's no more than you might have expected," added Eudora.

"Do speak out!" cried bewildered Leona. "I don't at all understand what you mean."

"Did you know wretched child," said Miss Silverpin, leaning forward, and altering her voice to a sepulchral key, "that your husband has had another wife?"

"Of course I knew that he was a widower," said Leona, much relieved. "Do you suppose he has any secrets from me?"

"But did you know," struck the devotee of [illegible] "that [illegible] Mrs. [illegible]

"[illegible]," said [illegible]. She [illegible] within six months of their marriage, and is buried at Manchester."

"Poor deceived lamb [illegible]. "She's living now. It was not even a divorce—only a legal separation, and he has no more right to get married than—than any other man that is tied tight and fast to a living wife!"

Leona turned very pale.

"This is false she cried." You are deceiving me. It is very unkind and unmasterly of you."

"Seeing is believing," said Miss Silverpin. "She's downstairs in the dining-room."

"Who is?" gasped Leona.

"The first Mrs. Motley."

Leona started up with glittering eyes and crimson cheeks.

"[illegible] very [illegible]?"

"[illegible] she wants her husband," said [illegible] calm child, I entreat. Sister Rebecca lead in the real Mrs. Motley.

And before Leona could muster words to remonstrate, a tall female, wearing blue spectacles and an overall, stalked in.

"Who are you?" cried Leona, starting [illegible].

"And what do you want?"

"I am Mrs. John Motley," answered the gaunt female, with a wave of her [illegible], "and I want my husband. He married me three years ago, and now he's cleared off, and don't allow me one penny of maintenance. And he's been and gone and married again, and I'll have him up as sure as my name is Phili Maria Motley. What's the use of laws, if this is the way a respectable woman is to be swindled out of her support?"

Leona sank back, pale and startled, as if she had seen a ghost.

And so she had—not only the ghost of the woman she had deemed dead and in her grave years ago, but the ghosted spectre of her own married love and happiness.

Poor, trembling, pallid little Leona!

[illegible]

"Didn't we tell [illegible]

Just at this moment [illegible] also in walked—Mr. [illegible].

"Hallo!" [illegible], "what's [illegible] about?"

"[illegible]" shrieked Miss Silverpin.

"[illegible]" shouted Miss Eudora.

"[illegible]" croaked Miss Rebecca.

"[illegible] all mad?" said Mr. Motley, [illegible] one to the other.

"John, who is that? Speak!" sobbed out poor Leona, pointing to the tall woman in the blue spectacles.

"I'm hanged if I know," said Mr. Motley, looking her full in the face.

The three Miss Silverpins stared.

"She said she was your first wife," cried they, in chorus, "She said she wasn't divorced, only legally separated. She said [illegible] wasn't your wife at all."

"[illegible] she has told a pack of confounded [illegible]," roared Mr. John Motley, with flashing eyes.

"Do you deny it?" cried Miss Eudora.

"And to the presence of the two women you have so basely wronged," said Miss [illegible].

"Deny it, confound you all, of course I do," said John Motley, vehemently.

"Isn't this man your husband?" demanded Miss Silverpin, shaking the tall stranger by the shoulder.

"No, he ain't," calmly confessed the [illegible] Mrs. Motley. "My husband's name is John Motley, but he ain't this man at all. My husband is tall and stout, with red hair and whiskers, his face marked with small pox, and only one eye."

"There's a John Motley keeps a grocer shop down by the river," said the other possessor of that name. "Perhaps——"

"That's him," said the spectacled one [illegible]. "He always knowed a deal about the grocery business. He's pretty [illegible], but he can't dodge me."

And exit the destroyer of Leona Motley's domestic peace.

The three Miss Silverpins retreated in disorder, mutually reproaching one another.

Leona had a good cry and [illegible] husband's shoulder, and Mr. Motley returned, then and there, a solemn vow that the three sisters-in-law should keep out of his house thereafter.

[illegible] "tree of desire." In the "Ili[illegible] Achilles bridges the enchanted stream [illegible] Xanthus at [illegible] Elm tree. [illegible] Juniper bush part [illegible] alleged power. An aged [illegible] in Tuscany, thus related the legend [illegible] Madonna: Our Lady was flying with the infant Jesus, and Herod's soldiers were [illegible] hitherto [illegible] then and there cursed both the Brook and the Cuck-pot, which from that day have never ceased to rustle. The [illegible] the Flax she forgave; [illegible] blessing on the Juniper; and to the [illegible] nastide, in nearly every [illegible] Juniper is hung, as branches of [illegible] are in England, France and Switzerland.

"Now, Mr. Lawyer [illegible]," said he, "I want you to fix it in the will that my son Joe won't get a cent. He's a worthless fellow, and will spend his share in a week." "Oh, that's all right," said the lawyer, politely, "I'll take care of it, and see that he doesn't get anything." And he didn't. Neither did anybody else.

WHEN you visit or leave New York save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms [illegible] at one million dollars, [illegible] better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than any other first class hotel in the city.

A GOOD-BYE.

BY E. NESBIT.

Farewell! How soon unmeasured distance rolls
Its leaden clouds between our parted souls!
How little to each other now are we—
And once how much I dreamed we two might be!
I, who now stand with eyes undimmed and dry
To say good-bye.

To my good-bye to all sweet memories,
Good-bye to tender questions, soft replies;
Good-bye to hope, good-bye to dreaming too,
Good-bye to all things dear—good-bye to you.
Without a kiss, a tear, a prayer, a sigh—
Our last good-bye.

I had no chain to bind you with at all;
No grace to charm, no beauty to enthrall;
No power to hold your eyes with mine, and make
Your heart on fire with longing for my sake.
Till all the yearning passed into one cry:
"Love, not good-bye!"

Ah, no—I had no strength like that, you know;
Yet my worst weakness was to love you so!
So much too well—so much too well—or ill—
Yes even that might have been pardoned still—
It would have been had I been you—you I!
But now—good-bye.

How soon the bitter follows on the sweet!
Could I not chain your fancy's flying feet?
Could I not hold your soul—to make you play
To-morrow in the key of yesterday—?
Dear—do you dream that I would stoop to try?—
Ah, no—good-bye!

PREPARING RAISINS.

A SHORT description of how grapes are prepared for the market may be of interest, as very many, though constantly using raisins of various sorts, have but little idea of the way in which they are dried for use.

Malaga, Valencia, and Smyrna raisins derive their names from the places whence they come. Of these, the Smyrna black raisins are the cheapest; the Malaga being held in the highest estimation, and fetching fully a third more than any other description of raisin.

The growth of the vines in Spain is different from those of Italy. In Andalusia, they creep along the surface of the ground as strawberries do, thus gathering all the atmospheric heat; the branches appear like roots, and the grapes, though white, have a golden tinge.

The vintage is very carefully conducted, the fruit not all being gathered at once, but the same ground gone over three times, so that all the grapes are properly ripe when picked. As they are gathered they are placed in baskets, and carried, either in carts or on the backs of mules and asses, to the place where they undergo the drying process. The fruit, however, is often much injured in transit; and as no broken grapes can be properly dried, the loss from this cause is considerable.

The grapes are prepared for the market in three different ways—by simply drying in the sun,, by washing, and by steam-drying.

In following the first method, which is the general process in Malaga, divisions are constructed of either brick or stone, in an inclined position, exposed to the sun's rays. These divisions are built in at one end with a triangle formed of masonry, and so arranged that the sun always shines on its contents. The interior of these compartments are thickly spread with fine gravel, to absorb the heat.

As soon as the grapes are gathered they are put into these divisions, and are fully exposed to the intense heat of the Andalusian sun.

It is stated by experienced cultivators that during the month of August they attain a temperature of a hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit.

While drying, the grapes which remain green are carefully picked out, as they are spoiled; the others are turned, each grape singly, so that the proper uniformity of color is observed. At night the fruit is protected from the heavy dews or rain by stout canvas being stretched over the tops of the divisions. Some people use blankets instead.

Grapes take a longer time drying in this manner than by the scalding plan, as then, they are ready in four days; but dried only by the sun's heat, they take ten days. This loss of time, however, is fully compensated by the economy of the process.

Drying by washing and drying by steam are inferior to the simple sun-drying process, because they are more expensive, involving outlay in buildings, furnaces, and steam-pipes; and the raisins are, moreover, liable to the danger of fermentation during their transportation. Besides, they always have to be dried in the sun for a certain time before being ready to pack, whatever plan is pursued in curing them other than the sun-drying process.

When the drying is thoroughly accomplished, by whatever plan pursued, the raisins, prior to being packed for exportation, require to be carefully looked over, and all those broken and bruised ones removed, as a drop of moisture from such would very likely damage a whole box.

After this comes the proper classification, by no means an easy affair, as merchants and cultivators differ, often very materially on this subject.

The boxes are generally made by contract. The best are made from firwood, which is imported from Portugal. The producer provides and packs these boxes, which the merchants frequently repack, employing women and girls to perform this office. The boxes are generally divived into layers. Four layers will be contained in a whole box, representing, if of full size, about twenty two pounds of fruit; the total weight with the filled box being from 20 to 29 pounds.

Much of the above information is obtained from a report recently published at Malaga. The crop of raisins in Malaga alone, from the vintage of 1880-81, was over two hundred thousand boxes; and the province, which a year or two ago was only estimated at fifty thousand boxes, is now stated to be nearly one hundred and fifty thousand boxes.

Besides the raisins already named, may be mentioned Sultanas, Muscatels, Lipari, Belvedere, Bloom or jar raisins, and sun or Solis. The best kinds are imported in boxes and jars—such as Malagas and Muscatels; while the inferior sorts are shipped in casks, and barrels, trails, and mats.

Grains of Gold.

Plain living and high thinking.

Remorse is the echo of a lost virtue.

To hate excellence is to be at its opposite pole.

Have a care for a silent dog and a still water.

Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst and cold.

A philosopher is one who "accepts the situation."

Those who can command themselves command others.

He hath riches sufficient who hath enough to be charitable.

Soft words, warm friends; bitter words, lasting enemies.

Contact with the world either breaks or hardens the heart.

To read without reflecting, is like eating without digesting.

True love is always firm, and true firmness is always love.

Our firesides must be our sanctuaries, our refuge from the world.

Honor demanded, is as worthless as insult undeserved is hurtless.

A thing is never to often repeated which is never sufficiently learned.

To count but few things necessary is the foundation of many virtues.

The man who has no poetry in his soul never finds any anywhere else.

Our happiness and misery are trusted to our conduct, and made to depend upon it.

Holiness is the architectural plan upon which God buildeth up his living temples.

By general mistake, ill-nature as often passes for wit as cunning does for wisdom.

A great many people in this world praise goodness, and then do as they have a mind to.

No matter how unworthy a man may be, he should have our sympathy if he is suffering.

When the sun of virtue is set, the blush of shame is the twilight. When that dies, all is darkness.

Moderation may be considered as a tree, of which the root is contentment and the fruit repose.

He that cares only for himself, has but few pleasures, and these are generally of the lowest order.

Doctrines are of use only as they are practised; men may go to perdition with their heads full of truth.

The real wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, and by which he is blessed.

Idleness is the most corrupting fly that can grow on the human mind. Men learn to do ill by doing what is next to it—nothing.

Never contradict anybody in general society. Rarely do it even at home. Nobody likes to be contradicted, even when contradiction is deserved.

Examine your lives, weigh your motives, watch over your conduct, and you will not take long to learn or discover enough to make you entertain charitable opinions of others.

Femininities.

The net to catch a man matrimonially—The brunette.

Never boil nice white goods. They should be scalded only.

When a woman becomes flurried she feels for a fan; when a man becomes flurried he feels for a cigar.

Women always show by their actions that they enjoy going to church; men are less demonstrative.

"You are not in my set," said the exclusive hen when some other biped attempted to enter her nest.

Women jump at conclusions, and generally hit; men reason things out logically, and generally miss.

Whoever has gained the affections of a woman, is sure to succeed in any enterprise wherein she assists him.

A negro girl in Laurens county bears the lovely name of Fair Rosa Beauty Spot, Temptation Touch Me Not.

Some women can't pass a millinery store without looking in; some men can't pass a saloon without going in.

What a pity that wrinkles should not be all under our heels instead of on our faces; it would be a much better arrangement.

Never allow preserves of any kind to remain in the can any length of time after opening, but pour into some earthenware receptacle.

A woman always carries her purse in her hand, so that other women will see it; a man carries his in his inside pocket, so that his wife won't see it.

It's all right, gentlemen, for you to think that your wives are angels, but isn't it rather incongruous for angels to carry up coal, and tend to the fires?

When a woman wants to repair damages she uses a pin; when a man wants to repair damages, he spends about two hours and a half trying to thread a needle.

A woman can sit in a theatre three or four hours without getting cramped up, catching toothache, or becoming faint for want of fresh air; a man can't.

In Scotland, and towns of the Northern counties, it is still the rule for the bride to supply the household linen; but the bridegroom provides it in most parts of England.

Lady to a young friend: "So you are going to Paris to study art, are you? That will be nice. When you come back you can take all our photographs, can't you?"

For trained nurses the demand is enormous, and ever-increasing; but not everyone can follow this profession. It is reserved only for the brave and strong, the sympathetic and intelligent.

It was examination in a female school. "What is the Goddess of Love?" asked the teacher. Quick and prompt came the reply from the girl at the head of the class, who was chewing gum: "It's an ice-cream freezer."

The newest form of ballroom dress is known as the ballet. In spite of the name, it is of normal length, but over the principal skirt, which is perfectly straight, fall a series of others, each eight or nine inches shorter than its immediate neighbor.

In Europe the ordinary color for mourning is black; in China it is white, a color that was the mourning of the ancient Spartan and Roman ladies; in Turkey, it is blue or violet; in Egypt, yellow; in Ethiopia brown; and kings and cardinals mourn in purple.

A Rhode Island woman, who breathed her last recently, expressed a dying wish that she be not buried nor placed in a tomb. Her husband consequently built a stone cottage on the shore of the bay, exactly like an ordinary dwelling externally, in the cellar of which her body is kept.

If men and women learned from experience to avoid the the repetition of every error whose evil effects they once have felt, and if they were as willing to profit by the experience of others as they are generally unwilling to profit by their own, the world would be far wiser, happier, and more prosperous.

A Greenland baby is dressed in furs and carried in a sort of pocket on the back of the mother's cloak. When she is very busy, and does not want to be bothered with him, she digs a hole in the snow and covers him all up but his face and leaves him there until she is through with her work and ready to take care of him again.

"I don't like a philosophical woman. I don't like a woman who is always reaching out after the infinite." "Ah!" retorted his companion, "if my wife wouldn't reach after anything but the infinite I might be happy." And the unfortunate man rubbed the bald place on his head, while his countenance fell beneath the weight of his memories.

One more unfortunate. Mamma (a widow of considerable personal attraction)—"I want to tell you something, Tommy. You see that gentleman talking to grandma in the other room. Well, he's going to be your new papa. Mamma's going to marry him." Tommy (who recollects something of the life his old papa used to lead)—"Does he know it yet, mamma?"

The most faithful lover in New England was buried in Hartford a short time ago. A severe sickness left the lady to whom he was engaged an invalid for life. He declined her offer to release him from the engagement, and married her while she was in bed, and during their more than twenty years of married life she was unable to assist herself—even to the raising of her hand to her head.

Marriage is decidedly the most important part of the ordinary woman's destiny. She can do very well without marrying, if she only thinks so; but if she marries, her whole future depends upon the choice of a husband; for to marry means to follow the fortunes of the man chosen, abide by the law he lays down for his household, dwell where he decides, and take from his hands as much or as little as he is willing or able to bestow.

News Notes.

Tom Thumb's widow is worth over $300,000.

St. Louis will probably have an elevated road soon.

Of 1,012 convicts in North Carolina, 894 are negroes.

Governor Foster, of Ohio, averaged 66 pardons a year.

M. De Lesseps predicts that the Panama Canal will be opened before 1888.

There are now in existence 108 schools for the instruction of American soldiers.

N. T. Bullock, of Dallas, Ga., has lost three daughters this winter by elopement.

An average of 14,500 letters will reach the Dead Letter Office every day, it is estimated.

A clerk in the Supreme Court, Brooklyn, has been arrested for issuing fraudulent divorce decrees.

A Boston firm has an order for shoes for a colored preacher in the South that will be numbered "34's."

The Cafe Bauer, in Berlin, has 700 newspapers on file printed in eighteen different languages.

Queen Victoria, it is said, has to pay postage on her mail matter, just the same as any of her subjects.

Penny fares for first-class street-car accommodations are being agitated for in Manchester, England.

Elegiepathossurchlauchter is the latest German adjective. In English it means "heroinly sorrowful."

A Chinese doctor and druggist in San Francisco makes $70,000 a year. He gets all his drugs from China.

Seventeen tons of advertising almanacs were sent to the Baltimore postoffice by a single firm the other day.

New York horse car drivers are said to have to pay for every shoe lost from the feet of the horses they drive.

A recent Boston dinner included strawberries at twenty-five cents apiece, and Hamburg grapes at $10 a pound.

It agrees with Mr. Arthur to be President of the United States. He has gained 28 pounds since he assumed that office.

In England two weeks ago butterflies were numerous, peas were above ground, and fuchsias and roses were in leaf.

Wing Lee, a well-known Louisville Chinaman, has married, in that city, to Nellie Norton, a prepossessing white girl.

A novel is being written in England by nine different persons, the object being to give individuality to each character.

Among the blank books used in the treasury in New York is one 19 inches long, 13 inches wide, and containing 1,230 pages.

The Queen's new book is illustrated with portraits of her children, servants, dogs, and other members of the royal family.

J. D. Townsend, a prominent New York lawyer, says the practice of "fixing" juries is more common than most people believe.

Rendered frantic by want, a Vienna father said to his son: "Boy, I cannot see you hungry and freezing." And then he killed him.

At Kissimee City, Fla., strawberries are selling for 10 cents a quart, and the natives are luxuriating on fresh asparagus and green peas.

Fashionable New York now prides itself on having the names of guests at evening assemblies announced as they enter, according to old English custom.

Lord Bute has given an order to Miss Edmonia A. Edwards, the American negro sculptress, to execute a marble statue of the Virgin Mary for one of his chapels.

An Ohio grape-raiser keeps the birds from his grapes with a scarecrow cat. The animal is made of canton flannel, of the color of a Maltese cat, stuffed with curled hair.

It is said that for the past month the Czar has been in such a deplorable state of nervous depression that to all intents and purposes he may be regarded as insane.

A doctor writes to a medical journal to "Direct the patient to keep his eyes on his toes. I have found a help to keep the head in the proper position in taking a pill."

The trees, plants and shrubs along the walks in Brooklyn's Park are to be labeled for the benefit of visitors—especially school children—who who will thus learn practical botany.

People who tell of an old Canadian woman who was in the habit of carrying two thousand dollars in gold in a bag hung around her neck, have probably never lifted that amount at one time.

A baked-bean eating match for a prize of fifty dollars is in progress in New York. Each of the two contestants is to eat three pounds of baked beans daily, and he who holds out the longest carries off the prize.

It is the opinion of Prof. Cohn, of Breslau, that the use of ordinary slates by school children tends to produce short-sightedness. As a substitute, he recommends pen and ink or an artificial white slate with black pencil.

A shoemaker in Stamford, Conn., has occupied the same bench in the same shop for so many years that he has three times worn away the part of the floor where his feet has rested, and puts on a new half-sole of leather over the hole every year.

The champion oyster-eater lives (if he is living) in Stapleton, L. I. His latest record is the consumption of three hundred raw oysters, five pounds of crackers, five pounds of roast beef, and twelve schooners of lager beer at one sitting, after ten hours of fasting.

A Rapid Cure.

BY JOHN J. M'COY.

TICK, tick!" went the clock, sounding as softly as the fall of rain-drops on a moss-fringed brookside.

The floor was carpeted with Turkey pile—the doors listed—the very light shut out from the windows by crossing and intercrossing folds of drapery, and there was a faint smell of cologne and red lavender through the room.

"Please, ma'am, here comes your tea," said a white-aproned attendant—and then, and not until then, a head became visible in a perfect maelstrom of perfumed, lace-edged pillows.

"Jefferson, I wish you'd have the hinges of that door oiled at once," spoke a fretful, complaining voice. "It's nothing but creak creak, the whole time! I'm nearly wild with the noise."

"Yes, ma'am, immediately, ma'am," assented Mrs. Jefferson. "Try and sit up, now, there's a dear, and have a little sup of tea. It'll do you all the good in the world! And here's the wing of a broiled chicken, and a slice of toast beautifully browned, ma'am, and a soft-boiled egg."

"I couldn't eat a morsel, Jefferson," sighed Mrs. Penfield.

But for all that, she allowed herself to be bolstered up, and was making respectable headway upon the toast and chicken's wing when the offending door gave a tremendous squeak, and in walked a handsome blonde-moustached man of about thirty, to wit, Mr Penfield.

"Well, Dolly!" cried out this visitor, stumbling over a footstool in the semi-darkness, and knocking the sugar-bowl and two tea-spoons off the tray. "And how do you find yourself this morning?"

Mrs. Penfield put her hand to her brow, and sank helplessly back among the pillows.

Nurse Jefferson lifted a warning finger.

"My mistress is dreadful nervous this morning, sir," she said, in the professional sick-room whine. "She passed a bad night sir——"

But, ignoring the nurse, Mr. Penfield sat cheerily down on the side of the bed, taking one of the little transparent hands in his.

"Don't you think you could get up a little? Such a lovely day as it is—all spring winds and apple-blossoms. A drive in the park now——"

"Do you want to kill me outright, Walter?" remarked Mrs. Penfield, jerking the hand away from him, and feeling wildly for her cologne bottle.

"No, but I begin to think you want to kill yourself, Dell, in this hot, scented room, and——"

"Men never did appreciate the delicacy of a woman's constitution," sighed Mrs. Penfield, while Nurse Jefferson rolled up her eyes and elevated both hands in the air behind her master's back.

"I know you're not strong, my dear," said Walter Penfield, apologetically, "but I really think you'd feel better if you didn't give up to it quite so much."

Mrs. Penfield's only reply was an ostentatious sigh.

Walter felt as if he was a brute and a ruffian.

"You will never believe that I am ailing until they carry me out in my coffin," she cried, hysterically. "Of course, I know I'm only a care and an incumbrance, that——"

"Have I ever given you any reason to talk so, Dolly?" the husband asked, very gravely.

And then he rose and left the room.

"Oh, dear, dear!" sobbed Mrs. Penfield. "Take away the breakfast tray, Jefferson—I've no vestige of appetite left now! I do think there never was a woman so tried in all the world."

"Men is all alike, ma'am," sympathized Mrs. Jefferson, obeying her mistress's mandate. "They a'pose everybody is made of cast iron, like they is. I'se nursed in a many families, ma'am, but never one where the lady suffered more from her nerves than you do, Mrs. Penfield, ma'am."

Meanwhile, Mr. Penfield, going dejectedly downstairs, met the doctor in the vestibule—a brisk, bright-eyed little man, with white teeth and a pleasant, confidential way with him, which took you quite by storm.

"Ah, Penfield, good day," said he. "How is she this morning?"

"Oh, much the same as usual," answered the patient's husband, dolefully.

"I wish we could get her to exert herself a little," said Dr. Maylie, reflectively rubbing the bridge of his nose. "A breath of fresh air now, a timely diversion of the mind, a ray or so of sunshine from the outer world——"

Mr. Penfield shook his head.

"It's no use trying," said he. "She's made up her mind that she's an invalid, and an invalid she's likely to remain. And that odious old attendant makes it her business to foster the delusion."

"It's too good a place to give up, I suppose," said Dr. Maylie, laughing. "But I tell you what, Penfield; there are some forts which can be taken only by stratagem."

"Eh?" said Mr. Penfield.

"Once get her out of her room, and half the battle is gained," suggested the doctor.

"Yes; but how are you to do it?"

"Are you in a hurry to get to town this morning?" queried Dr. Maylie.

"Not particularly. Why?" asked Mr. Penfield.

"Then come into the breakfast-room and let's talk it over, because I really think something ought to be done in the matter.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Penfield woke up the next morning more "vapory" and nervous than ever.

Dr. Maylie prescribed as usual—harmless pills, ice-water, colored the least bit in the world, to represent medicaments, and warm foot-baths.

"By the way," said he, "I wonder how Penfield finds himself to-day."

"Is there anything the matter with him?" asked Mrs. Penfield, lifting her heavy eyelids. "He hasn't been in to see me this morning, now that I remember. Is he ill?"

"So I am told," answered Dr. Maylie, pursing up his lips.

"But what is the matter with him? For I ought to know," persisted Mrs. Penfield, beginning to be a little anxious.

"I ought to know, if he had done me the honor of consulting me," said Dr. Maylie, with well-simulated spite; "but he hasn't."

"But surely he ought not to be without a physician."

"Oh, he is not. He has a physician—a very beautiful one, I am told. I don't myself believe in lady-doctors; I am given to understand that they are very popular among the gentlemen."

"A lady-doctor!"

Mrs. Penfield sat up among her pillows, and pushed back her hair with both hands.

"My husband! Oh, the bold thing. How dare she come into my house?"

"She wouldn't unless she had been sent for, I suppose," said Dr. Maylie, dryly. "It's Dr. Nellie Barker. She makes a specialty of brain diseases, and is tolerably successful, as I have understood, in her practice."

"Is—is she pretty?"

"Very. A brunette, with cheeks like peaches, and big Spanish eyes."

Mrs. Penfield herself was a blonde with yellow locks, and a complexion as fair as a lily.

And at the same moment, a sweet, clever voice like a bird-whistle sounded in the hall, and a face like a rosebud, crowned with a jaunty black velvet hat and plume was thrust into the room.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said she. "I mistook this for the apartment of my patient. The servant told me I should find the invalid here. Dr. Maylie, happy to meet you. I shall be glad if you will come in and consult with me on this case."

She withdrew in a graceful, off-hand sort of way, and they could hear her light footsteps tripping on the stairs.

Dr. Maylie rose and took his hat.

"I shall accept her invitation," said he. "By Jove! she's a prettier woman than I thought. I've half a mind to fall ill, and send for her professionally myself. Good morning, Mrs. Penfield; just keep on with the tonic according to directions."

And he followed hurriedly in the wake of the fair M.D.

No sooner had the door closed behind him, than Mrs. Penfield sprang out of bed.

"Get out my slippers, Jefferson, and my quilted dressing-wrapper, quick," she cried, with red spots on either cheek.

"Ma'am, are you crazy?" demanded the scandalized Jefferson.

"No, but I shall be, if I am to lie here, and let my husband be tampered with by black-eyed girls who pretend to a knowledge of medicine!"

Mrs. Penfield hurried on a pretty blue cashmere wrapper, and thrust her feet into a pair of azure satin slippers, bordered with white fur.

None of Mrs. Jefferson's arguments could dissuade her, and just as Dr. Nelly Baker was feeling the pulse of her patient, the door swung open, and in walked Mrs. Penfield, stately as Minerva.

Walter sat up on the sofa.

"Dolly!" cried he, in amazement.

"Yes, it is Dolly," uttered she, indignantly.

"I am not so ill as you thought—as you perhaps hoped," with a severe glance at the dimpled M.D. "It is unnecessary farther to trouble you, ma'am. If my husband is ill, it is my place to nurse him."

"I called merely in a professional capacity," began the black-eyed doctor, "and——"

"I don't want you here in any capacity," sputtered Mrs. Penfield. "Walter, will you pay her, and tell her she needn't call again?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly, my dear," said Mr. Penfield, abjectly; "just as you say."

Dr. Nelly courtesied and withdrew, not without a laughing glance towards Dr. Maylie, and Dolly took her seat by her husband's side.

"Walter, Walter!" she cried out, wistfully, with a quiver in her lip, "did you think I had no wifely love for you? Oh, Walter, what must you have thought of me?"

Mr. Penfield's illness did not last long, as our readers may probably conjecture, but when he recovered, Dolly was his companion everywhere.

Mrs. Jefferson lost her comfortable sinecure, and Dr. Maylie and Miss Nelly Baker congratulated each other—confidentially, of course—upon the excellent success of their novel mode of treatment.

But to this day Mrs. Penfield suspects nothing.

SUB-IRRIGATION.—Some of our leading agriculturists have from time to time advocated the sub-irrigation system, which, as its name implies, means the application of water to the soil from below, instead of from above. Although at first sight this plan seems contrary to nature, it has been found most successful in practice. Two agriculturists in California have lately adopted the new system with marked success.

"P'RAPS."

A word has troubled all my youth,
And shattered all my dreams of truth—
'Tis simply that small word uncouth,
P'raps.

When but a child, and I would pray
Some others help to ease my way,
They'd laugh, and for an answer say:
P'raps.

Then, when I had become a boy,
And wished for money; full of joy,
I'd run to father—don't annoy,
P'raps.

Now, when a man, I thought to wed;
And straightway to my love I sped,
And asked her, but she frowned and said:
P'raps.

Will life's sun ever on me shine?
Will joys that others have be mine?
Will that love come for which I pine?
P'raps.

—U. N. NOTE.

Humorous.

What is that which increases the effect by reducing the cause? A pair of snuffers.

Why does a lady's home-dress outlast all all others? Because she never wears it out.

What is the most unfortunate vegetable they could have on board a ship? A leek.

"Put money in thy purse," as the pick-pocket said when he robbed a man of an empty one.

First impressions are lasting, as the gentleman said when the trip-hammer came down on his fingers.

The world is full of change. A good many wish they could say the same thing of their pockets.

"I had a rousing time this morning," said the small boy, whose father hauled him out of bed feet foremost.

Why ought poultry-keeping to be a most profitable business? Because for every grain you give a fowl it gives a peck.

A theatrical manager once said that he "didn't undervalue a author;" he considered "a author quite a useful ajunk to a theatre."

A little six-year-old orphan, upon being asked to name the leading festival in the church, replied: "The strawberry festival."

The language of flowers: "I," said the rose, "am thus called because I get up early in the morning." "And I," said the thistle, sharply, "am so called because the first man who plucked me, exclaimed, 'This'll do!'"

If at any time you desire the wind to change suddenly, take a pan of ashes, go into the back yard, and, facing the direction that you wish the wind to blow from, quickly empty your pan. No one who has tried this rule has ever found it to fail.

A quiet, peaceable gentleman in this city has recently given up business, rented his house, sent his family into the country, and calmly announces his determination of devoting the remainder of his life to discovering the man who sent him a paving-stone by express, with $17 charges to pay.

Always the same, a cure for Heart Disease. Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Price $1 by druggists.

A Nevada woman recently knocked down seven robbers, one after the other. Her husband watched her from the top of the stairs, and felt so brimful of battle that he couldn't rest off until he jerked his eight-year old son out of bed and whaled him till he yelled for not getting up and helping his mother.

Superfluous Hair.

Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 108 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

Hughes' Corn and Bunion Plasters

Give instant relief, and effect a cure. (They are not pads to relieve the pressure.) Each 25 cents per box; twelve Corn or six Bunion in each box. Sent by mail on receipt of price. C. C. HUGHES, Druggist, Eighth and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

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FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.
SCROFULOUS OR SYPHILITIC, HEREDITARY OR CONTAGIOUS.
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New Publications.

MAGAZINES.

The Popular Science Monthly for February begins with a paradoxical article by Herbert Spencer on the new radical Toryism of England. He begins with the statement: Most of those who now pass as Liberals are tories of a new type; and then proceeds to defend his thesis. Professor E. L. Richards contributes his first of a series of papers on, College Athletics. He believes that when they are freed from certain evils they are of prime importance to health of mind and body. Dr. Felix L. Oswald has some plain talk on natural remedies for nervous diseases. Professor John T. Stoddard points out the necessity of a stricter inspection of the kerosene sold in the market. Thomas Foster discusses the morality of happiness. The, Aurora Borealis; Defenses of the Lower Animals; The Comet of 1812 and 1883; The Chemistry of Cookery; Underground Wires; The Cause of Earthquakes; and, House Building; are among the other subjects of the number. One of the most curious papers contains a description of the sensations induced by an overdose of hasheesh. Appleton and Co. New York.

"Is our Civilization Perishable?" is the question asked in the *North American Review* for March, by Judge J. A. Jameson, who considers the several agencies by which the overthrow of the existing civilization might be effected. In the same number of the Review there is an article of extraordinary interest on Agricultural Politics in England, by William E. Bear, editor of the Mark Lane Express. A Defenceless Seaboard, by Gen. H. A. Smalley, is a description of the unprotected condition of the harbors and coast cities of the United States. Neither Genius nor Martyr, is the judgment pronounced upon the wife of Carlyle by Alice Hynoman Rhine. In, The Story of a Nomination, W. O. Stoddard recounts the hitherto unpublished history of the means by which the nomination of Abraham Lincoln for a second presidential term was brought about. Other articles are Literary Resurrectionists, by Charles T. Congdon; How to Improve the Mississippi, by Robert S. Taylor; and The Constitutionality of Repudiation, by D. H. Chamberlain and John S. Wise. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

St. Nicholas for February is a bright crisp and cheerful midwinter number and the seasonable frontispiece,—an original wood engraving, by Elbridge Kingsley—is called A Midwinter Night. Another wintry feature which will find a merry welcome is, The Brownies on Skates, one of the Palmer Cox's funnily illustrated poems; St. Valentine's Day is commemorated with some very pretty verses. Historic Boys, a series of sketches, by E. S. Brooks, which bids fair to be of unusual interest, begins in this number. Mayne Reid tells of, The Land of Fire; Albert Durer is the subject of one of Mrs. Clement's popular Art and Artists, papers. A charming poem, called, Drifting, by E. Vinton Blake, is illustrated by Will H. Low; G. E. Barnes has done a like office for C. P. Cranch's poem, Phaeton; and J. C. Beard and J. M. Nugent have made interesting pictures for a descriptive sketch of the Pigmy Trees and Miniature Landscape, of Japan and China, by J. R. Coryell. The Century Co. New York.

The *Sanitarian* which appears enlarged and improved for February has the following contents: Hospitals for Contagious Diseases (Illustrated), Cattle Quarantine at Garfield, N. J. Milk as a Vehicle of Infection, Preventive Medicine in China, Artesian Wells—Charleston's Water Supply, In the Park, Malaria or Bad Air, "Level-Headed Baby." Yellow Fever in Vera Cruz and Colon in 1882, and the Louisiana State Board of Health Thereon, in 1882-3. The Liernur System of Sewerage—Refutation of Criticism of Col. Waring and Dr. Billings. Education and Sanitation, Suggestions for Keeping Stables Clean, Death's Reported from Coal Gas, Sanitary Questions in New York, Editor's Table, and Literary Notices. Published 113 Fulton St., New York. Price 35 cents per copy.

The articles in the *Magazine of Art* all of which are splendidly illustrated, comprise The Orphan; Some Pictures of Children; Francesca da Rimini; Algiers, with six engravings; In the Marshes; More about Venetian Glass; Forsaken; The Institute, four engravings; The Inns of Court; five engravings; Sculpture at the Comedie Francaise, etc., etc. In these articles the reading matter is worthy of the illustrations and vice versa. For art lovers we know nothing in its line we can commend more highly. Published at New York, by Cassell & Co. Price 35 cents per number.

Arthur's Home Magazine has the following contents for March. Versailles and its Fountains (Illustrated), Our Boys—What Shall we Do with Them? The Message of the Rose (Illustrated), Cairo (Illustrated) The Old-time Singing School, James Vick (Illustrated), Children's Sayings, The Wild Cat (Illustrated), What the Cricket on the Hearth Told Marjorie, Little Miss Klein, The Lilies of the Field, An Immortal Deed, The Silk and the Weft, The Silver Wedding, The Climber, How Women Can Earn Money, The Home Circle, etc., etc. Arthur & Son Phila., Pa.

FAIR SPORT.—Flirting.

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Little Golden Sunbeam.
Kathleen Mavourneen.
Twickenham Ferry.
The Blue Alsatian Mountains.
Killarney.
All on account of Eliza.
The Torpedo and the Whale!
The Man with the Sealskin Pants.
The Old Folks are gone.
Is Jennie True To Me?
Oh, Lucinda.
Put Away That Straw.
With the Angels By and Bye.
Scenes of Childhood.
Grandmother's Chair.
Oh, Mary Ann, I'll Tell Your Ma!
My Heart's with my Norah.
Lardy Dah!
The Colored Hop.
Don't Shut out the Sunlight Mother.
The Sweet Flowers I've Brought to You.
Meet me To-night.
Angel Faces o'er the River.
Yes, I'll Love You When You're Old
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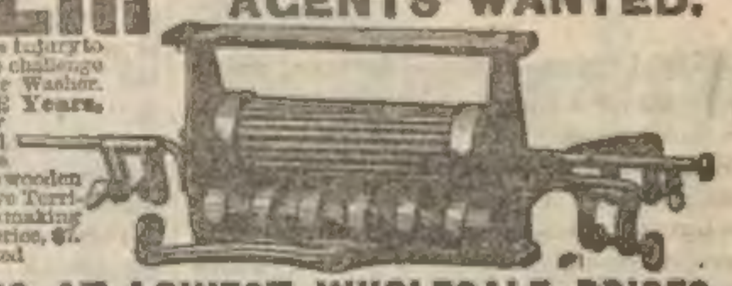

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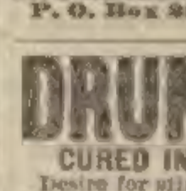

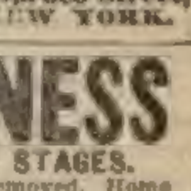

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

WOOLEN remains the favorite material for walking costumes as well as for house wear.

For the former, poil-de-bison and camelot, both plain and figured, are used, and for the latter ohuddah, camel's hair, and cashmere, trimmed with plain velvet, which also composes the collar and cuffs.

Dark red, golden brown, bronze, and blue are the colors in vogue, and grey, in combination with orange and all shades of yellow, is fashionably worn.

For negligo and ordinary costumes, plaids are once more appearing for skirts, the casaquins being of plain nut-brown or bege cloth.

Afternoon calling toilettes are made with a round skirt, bordered either with chenille, velvet, or plaitings; the bodice is pointed in front, and the overskirt, which commences at the hips, is gathered at the back, and is always of some rich material—embossed velvet, satin damask, plain velvet or velvet broche with large designs.

A sudden fancy has sprung up for spaulettes, and they are to be seen in passementerie, in chenille, and in lace, with clusters of falling ribbon loops.

Long trains for ceremonious occasions, and demi-trains for dinner dresses, are again in favor.

The latter are made plain and square, and lined with light colored silk; while the former are made to look what we call "cut-aways," by being puffed out with beauffonnes of muslin and slight silk.

A great novelty is ornaments and flowers, whether real or artificial, to which gold settings and mountings are adapted, and the heart and dewdrops represented by precious stones, particularly diamonds.

These flowers are worn on bonnets, on bodices, on skirts, and even on shoes. Roses, forget-me-nots, pansies, lilacs, &c., are arranged in this manner, and some are made specially for fastening bonnet strings.

Theatre bonnets are often made of light velvet covered with tulle to match; the strings are made narrow, and tied below the ear, being fastened with a fantastic pin or brooch of costly gems.

The various devices for the bonnet string ornaments are legion, the most eccentric finding the greatest favor.

Gold embroidery and gold lace are occasionally seen on white tulle dresses; but, unless they are used sparingly, they look tawdry.

Rows of gilt braid on the tulle flounces are not superseded by gold colored velvet, as the combination of white and yellow is very popular.

The new Camargo drapery can be confidently recommended to ladies, as with a colored satin corsage of the same color it can be worn with many skirts.

It consists of paniers and a high puff behind surmounted by a bow of the same color. Lace velvet, or satin skirts can be worn with it.

These paniers can also be made of black or white lace, or of net, and they are then much more useful, as they are suitable for almost any toilette.

The enormous use of black chenille and jet lace and passementerie has brought black costumes into vogue again, although they are always more or less in fashion. They are not, however, made entirely of one material, and a brocaded or broche fabric is a necessity to combine with plain material.

For instance, a polonaise with robings or panels made of figured velvet embroidered with jet is worn over a skirt of plain velvet or faille with a draped puff behind. Plain velvet and broche satin can be employed, or the skirt could be of figured velvet ornamented with satin scarfs, which, starting beneath the velvet puff behind are mixed with lace and jet and tied on the tablier.

Black and slate-grey combined have more of a mourning effect than black toilettes such as the above, and they are rarely adopted except as half mourning; in other cases the grey is either trimmed with a different or the same shade of grey, or certain tints of red or blue are blended with it.

A pretty dress of mixed grey and black for half mourning is of gros grain and satin; a plain skirt of gros grain is cut in sharp diagonal points over three balayeuses of black satin.

The graceful polonaise is of black gros grain, closed at the neck with an antique silver clasp.

The fronts are open to the waist, lined with slate-gray satin and turned back and secured towards the back drapery with a clasp of antique silver.

The back drapery is full, and caught up in a very elegant manner, a Fedora plastron of grey satin ornaments the front of the corsage secured by a black gros grain belt. The sleeves are of gray satin, full and puffed, with black plaitings at the wrists, and a black pleating edges the neck.

This toilette, although a little austere, is eminently ladylike and stylish.

Waistcoats of cloth or velvet become more and more in vogue as the season advances for walking costumes which are to be worn without a mantle.

They are richly ornamented with straps of velvet, and Russian pendants with clasps of antique silver; they are embroidered a la Bretonne on white, green, buff, etc., and they are braided in black and gold, violet and steel beads, etc., on dark colors.

Macaroons and loops of cord are in great request as trimmings, as are also beaded devices and silver braid for rich colored cloth costumes, such as claret, hussar-blue, moss-green, etc.

Braids and other trimmings of another shade of the same color as the dress are very stylish, and quite as general as deeper contrasting colors. Very handsome metal buttons are made for fastening jackets, redingotes and mantles, many being of bronze or antique silver, with embossed heads like ancient coins.

The redingote holds its place in spite of all other newer fashions, and it is on the whole the greatest favorite with young ladies, whether married or not, no other vetement being so well calculated to show off a graceful, elegant figure.

Unfortunately the prevalence of the style has induced many ladies to adopt it who have lost all youthful slimness and suppleness.

Very fantastic combinations of materials are seen, the mixtures being very varied; as for instance, in some cases the upper part of the sleeves is in one fabric and the lower part in another.

The skirts behind again are of some plain fabric arranged in deep pleats, while the whole of the front and the bodice are are of figured fabric. If well arranged such combinations are stylish, but it would be unwise for an unskilful hand to attempt them.

The fashion also is fleeting, and therefore it cannot be recommended for ladies who do not frequently purchase new vetements.

A lady who intends her mantle to last a whole season, and even longer, should choose some quiet unpretending style and material, which need not, however, exclude richness or elegance, quite the contrary.

Plain ribbed cloths and ottoman silks are frequently employed for very handsome mantles, besides the rich broche velvets and soai plushes.

There is a great taste for displaying fancy pins and brooches of all kinds now, and diamond ornaments and earrings are to be seen on all full dress occasions. Small horseshoes, set with minute pearls and colored gems, are used for pinning ties, bonnet strings, bows on muffs, caps, &c.

A case containing six or eight of them is one of the most appreciated gifts of the day.

Bees and cocks in tiny-colored feathers, dragon flies in mother-of-pearl and tinsel, butterflies in painted satin, and tortoise-shell ornaments are all a la mode.

The old fashioned paste buttons, converted into brooches, fasten bonnet strings, close under one ear; diamond arrows are placed lower down, and larger and handsomer ornaments quite under the chin.

For evening toilette, paste and diamond buckles fasten velvet round the throat, loop up a sleeve on one arm, hold the ribbon of a fan, secure a spray of flowers on a bodice, and appear on one side or in front of the head, with a strand of hair passed through, and arranged high, according to present fashion.

Fireside Chat.

A CHAT ABOUT QUILTS.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

WE saw, the other day, a capital quilt made of small odds and ends of cloth by an old and very poor woman over seventy years of age.

The material was nothing more than the refuse of bits sent by a wholesale establishment in the City to a large meeting connected with a Mission. Nevertheless, both as regards design and color, the quilt was executed with excellent taste.

The patterns of the cretonne are so beautiful that a selecton is easily made, and the arrangement of the pieces in squares and bands offers but little trouble.

These quilts are also rendered more useful by being lined with paper and flannel, or the course sacking of which bags are made.

Squares of crochet in fleecy wool (brioche stitch), about a quarter of a yard each way, can be ornamented in making-stitch stars, or raised dots in a contrasting color, each square being different, and joined together with black fleecy.

The work can be taken up at any time, and has the advantage of needing but little room.

The squares, being arranged, are joined together when a sufficient number have been made.

Strips of flannel list alternated by strips of red flannel, run on a foundation of unbleached cotton, will make a gay coverlet for a child's cot, and is very light and warm.

Many hospital quilts have been made and sent to various hospitals, both at home and, during war-time, to other countries, the aim, of course, being to set before the sick and suffering the Word of God, when they may be unable or unwilling to open the Bible for themselves.

As a example the nine central texts face the head of the bed, that they may be easily read by the occupant. The remaining three (if the quilt covers a hospital bed) should face three other beds, and might also be easily read by many in the ward. Strong linen sheeting should be used on which to work the texts. It will be found to present a capital surface on which to draw the letters, which, of course, must be very carefully sketched on ruled lines before working.

Do not attempt any other type than the plain letters, for which any printed book will furnish you a copy. Remember they must be very distinct. For working, use scarlet Andalusian wool, which washes well. So does violet, but it is not quite so effective in appearance.

As the wool varies, it is as well to work a letter and wash it that you may be sure it stands well.

Work the letters in chain stitch, being careful not to draw the linen. One line represents the single lines of the letters, two the thicker, and three the capital letters.

The work is all the better for washing and ironing before making up. Of course, the better pieces you have for your patchwork, the handsomer your quilt will be, but this is not of much importance.

Choose those that will wash, as far as possible avoiding any large or conspicuous patterns. Chintz may be used, but on no account cretonnes.

Arrange all your darkest pieces next the text, where you see those in the plan darkest, as light pieces distract the eye from the words. If your pieces are all well covered patterns, it is quite as well.

All the quilt should be joined with the machine, as it is quicker and stronger. If you use a chain stitch one, be very careful to fasten off well, and on no account draw your seams in the least.

The next matter is the lining. This should be of very strong muslin, which is quite inexpensive.

Such quilts may of course, be much varied, according to the taste and ingenuity of the maker, other texts, or a greater or less number being chosen and a different arrangement adopted. The plan is simply a suggestion and guide.

Floral borders and interlaced rings, with other designs which can easily be taken from the Berlin patterns, will make the quilt an object of interest when the state of the patient can be benefited by something to attract attention.

AN OLD MAID'S OPINION.—If it doesn't make me laugh, and I can't help it, to hear married women pity old maids, never thinking for one moment how an old maid might pity the married women.

Oh, no!

Poor soul, she hasn't any husband.

Poor dear, she hasn't any children.

It's so very, very sad.

Of course it is poetically speaking; but don't you ever pity a woman for not marrying until you are quite sure what sort of man she hasn't married.

I've now a broken engagement or two that really were subjects of congratulation.

There isn't any other time when a woman feels so like feeling of her shoulder blades to see whether the wings have sprouted, as when she has slipped the wrong man's ring off her finger, and feels that she'll never bear the brunt of his hateful temper, or put up with his neglect, or grow old before her time because of his unfaithfulness—when she stands free again and ready for the right man to come along.

I suppose a woman never feels quite certain that the right man won't come in all her life.

However, we're talking of old maids, and the people who pity them.

It is all very well to get poetical over married life, and set single women down as miserable creatures; but, like most theories, the thing "won't wash."

If you get an adoring husband, ready to cherish and protect you while life lasts, you're certainly a happy woman; but how many do? One out of fifty perhaps.

It's a lottery with a few lucky numbers, and even an old maid doesn't bitterly envy a woman with a mean, or a quarrelsome, or a neglectful husband—a woman who is left alone with all her cares, a woman who is a slave not a wife—nor even always all that falls to the lot of the best loved wife on earth.

There is peace and rest in life when one is one's own mistress, at all events; and when I hear worn-out, worried matrons pitying single women, I often feel like laughing, it is so funny.

M. S.

Correspondence.

MOTHER.—It is a great mistake to imagine that the pursuit of learning is injurious to health. Studious men live as long as persons any other profession. We do not approve, however, of too much taskwork for children.

NELL.—Under the circumstances of the request made to you, your straightforward course would be to write, saying you have changed your mind, and that if he still regards you with the same affection as when he spoke to you, you will be glad to see him or hear from him. If not, ask him to burn your note. There would be nothing wrong or unmaidenly in this, if you know him to be a worthy man.

ROS.—The construction to be placed on the young lady's behavior is pretty evident. She regards you as a friend only, and looks upon the young man you met as her lover. The cause of her leaving you so suddenly, on coming in sight of the other, was doubtless her fear of exciting a jealous feeling. As you have not sought her love, you have no cause for complaint, but should meet her as you have previously done.

SUBSCRIBER. — (1) Con amore means "with love, earnestly, gladly, willingly." (2) Phase has several meanings, "to make to appear: passive to appear; that which appears to the eye: the appearance which anything manifests, especially any one among different and varying appearances of the same object." Phrase "is a brief expression or part of a sentence; two or more words forming an expression by themselves, or being a portion of a sentence."

BASHFUL. — (1) Tennyson's, Longfellow's, Cowper's, Wordsworth's, Campbell's, Mrs. Hemans', Hood's, and Eliza Cook's poems; we could mention others, but think you will find the list long enough to select from. (2) George Eliot's, Thackeray's, Dickens', Scott's, Miss Muloch's, Kingsley's, and Sir Bulwer Lytton's novels may all be read with profit and pleasure. (3) Some persons wear deep mourning for six months, and slight mourning for three months, for a brother.

E. A.—You had better wait for this young man to pluck up courage to speak for himself. You are both too young to think of keeping company with a view to marriage. Endeavor to cultivate yourself in all the arts of housekeeping and of agreeableness, so that when you are old enough to marry, you may be desirable and sought after by sensible men. It is no particular advantage for a young lady to become intimate with one who is too young to be an acceptable suitor for her hand in marriage.

BASIL.—As a promise to marry is a pretension to the most intimate friendship, a breach of that promise must consequently receive some exaggeration thence. But if the person you deceive has been so unhappy as to settle her affections upon so inconstant a lover, the injury you do her must be irreparable. But supposing that she may retrieve a heart so very ill bestowed, upon what assurance can you depend that you have not hindered her of a better match?—and in case you have, this surely must aggravate her present misfortune, if you are at once so unkind and false as to forfeit your engagement to her.

MARIE.—It is true that writing is a nice thing, but it is not every letter that will bear being seen. Men, when repulsed, often grow malicious and desperate, and will make what interpretation they please of what is written, or if it is too prudently expressed, doubt and cavil, which is almost impossible, they will be severely censure the action of writing, or else interpret it too favorably for themselves, and put the lady to further trouble of undeceiving them. There may be some singular cases wherein it may be both honorable and prudent for the lady to write; as when she is satisfied the person she writes to is a man of honor, and she cannot otherwise so well disengage him from a fruitless affection."

BERT. — Acquisitiveness is the secret source of enterprise and industry, but in its excessive development it becomes a passion or propensity of thieving. So imagination, which gives life and vivacity to the temperament and is the origin of the faculties of poetry and romance, the source of all "creative genius" as it appears in works of fiction, becomes "lying" if it be allowed to grow to such a strength in the nature and to obtain such freedom of the judgment that it defies the restraining power of the conscience. We express our opinion freely, as you ask it. Righteousness is order producing harmony; but, without those elements of the nature which are the first to rebel when they are not properly restrained, the character would be weak and lack many of the distinctive qualities of true manliness.

P. L. M.—St. Graal, Sangreal or Holy Grail, so often mentioned by Tennyson, is the name of a vessel made of a single precious stone (usually said to be an emerald), from which our Saviour was supposed to have drunk at the last supper, and which was afterwards filled with the blood which flowed from the wounds with which He was pierced at the crucifixion; or, according to some accounts, it was the platter on which the Paschal lamb was served at the last passover which Jesus celebrated with His disciples. It is fabled to have been preserved and carried to England by Joseph of Arimathea. It remained there many years, an object of pilgrimage and devotion; but at length it disappeared, one of its keepers having violated the condition of strict virtue in thought, word, and deed, which was imposed upon those who had charge of it. Thenceforth many knights-errant, particularly those of the Round Table, spent their lives in searching for it, and Sir Galahad was at last successful in finding it.

CURIOUS.—Whalebone is an enormous development of the gum of the whale, and exists in the living animal in the form of two rows of plates, which, like a great double fringe, hang or depend from its palate. From one hundred and fifty to two hundred of these plates exist in the mouth of a whale and the largest plates may measure from eight to ten or twelve feet in length. The inner edges of these whalebone plates exhibit a fringed or frayed-out appearance, and the whole apparatus is adapted to serve as a kind of gigantic sieve or strainer. Thus when the whale fills the mouth with water, large numbers of small or minute animals, allied to jelly-fishes and the like, are engulfed and drawn into the capacious mouth cavity. The water is allowed to escape by the sides of the mouth, but its solid animal contents are strained off and entangled by the whalebone fringes, and when a sufficient quantity of food has been captured in this way, the morsel is duly swallowed. Thus it is somewhat curious to reflect that the largest animals are supported by some of the smallest beings.